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William Holgate.





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THE
Careless Shepherdes.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY
Acted before the KING & QUEEN,
And at Salisbury-Court, with great
Applause.

Written by T. G. Mr. of Arts.

By THOMAS GIFFE.

*Pastorem Tittere pingues Pascere oportet oves, deductum
ducere Carmen.*

With an Alphebeticall Catalogue of all such Plays
that ever were Printed.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Rogers and William Ley,
and are to be sould at Pauls Chaine
nere Doctors commons,

1 6 5 6.

The Argument.

NEre to Arcadia's fertile soyle there dwells
Two happie men whom scarce their like excells,
The one a Swaine, the other nobler borne
Both rich in Land and stor'd with fruitfull Corne.
These as in hopefull Children, they were blest,
So of much Wealth, and Meadowes were possesst.
The richer of these two; Cleobulus
Had for his Heyre the stout Philaritus:
A sprightfull Youth, whose valour and whose worth
Exceeds those Swaines the Sheapheards Dames brought forth.
He lov'd one Arismena, who for faire
Might with the purest of her Sex Compare.
She to blunt Bracheus was his onely Heyre
And wealthier in that Name then richer are.
She Carelesse seem'd. His Love increas'd the more
That to a Feaver grew, which was before
A gentle heate. At length she condescends,
Begg Pardon for her wrong, makes Him amends.
Their Parents crost their Love, ere long agree
And were themselves perplex'd with misery.
Faيرة Castarina and Lariscus doe
Partake with them in their Affliction too.
Two, of whose fame the neighbouring Plaines were full,
The one was Tall, the other Beautifull.
These share in griefe, and when They fully thought
They had their Plots to happie Issues brought
Satyres creepe in, and in their height of joy
Their Peace their Comforts and their Hopes annoy.
The Lovers gave their Mistresses lost yet doe
Seeke a revenge. Themselves are taken too
All being now ensnar'd expect to die
Their Dirge is sung. On heaven fix their Eye
But in the midst of all their Griefes appears.
Disguis'd Paromett, and quits their Feares.
His Satyr's Shape pluckt off they grow againe.
Into their witts, and wellcome him a Swaine.
Thus were their doubts exhaild and joyes increas'd
That peace is sweetest which after warr's possesst.



Prælude:

The Actors.

Spruce, a Courtier.

Sparke, an Inns of Court-man.

Landlord, a Country Gentleman.

Thrift, a Citizen.

Bolt, a Door-keeper.



Prologus.

THE SCENE.

SALISBURY COURT.

*Bolt. A Door-keeper, sitting with a Box on one side of the Stage.
To him Thrift a Citizen.*

T*Hrift.* Now for a good bargain, What will you take
To let me in to the play? *Bolt.* A shilling Sir.

Thri. Come, here's a groat, I'll not make many words.
Thou hast just got my trick for all the world,
I alwayes use to ask just twice as much
As a thing's worth : then some pretend to have
Skill in my wares, by bidding of me half.
But when I meet a man of judgement, as
You have done now, they bid as neer to th' price,
As if they knew my mark. Use me, as you
Do hope to have my custome other times.

B

Bolt.

Bolt. In troth Sir I can't take it. *Thri.* Should I go Away, I know you'd call me back again.

I hate this dodging: What's your lowest price?

Bolt. I told you at first word. *Thri.* What a shilling? Why, I have known some Aldermen that did Begin with twelve pence: and for half so much I saw six motions last *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Bolt. When you have seen this play, you'll think it worth Your money. *Thri.* Well then take this groat in earnest, if I do like it you shall have the rest.

Bolt. This is no market or exchange, pray keep Your aery groat that's thinner then a shadow To mend your Worships shoes, it is more crackt: Then an old Beaver or a Chambermaid.

Thri. Well, since you will exact, and stretch your Conscience, Here's a nine pence and four pence half-peny, Give me the rest again. *Bolt.* There. *Thri.* Now for this When I come home I'll go unto my book, And set a figure to each single Cipher; I'll cheat a shilling in a penny, and A pound in twelve pence. When will it begin?

Bolt. Presently Sir. *Thri.* Thou once didst tell me so When the first Act was almost done. *Bolt.* Why then They presently began to make an end,

Enter Spruce, a Courtier.

Spruce. How oft has't founded? *Bolt.* Thrice an't please you Sir.

Thri. Sir, by your powdred hair, and gawdy cloaths I do presume you are a Courtier. Pray Sir, if I may be so bold to ask, And, if you go on Tick here too, What did it cost you to come in? When you Do buy of us, you of all Gentlemen Have still the cheapest pennyworths. *Spru.* Are you A Tradesman? *Thri.* Sir, I am a Citizen, I alwayes do observe that Courtiers Know Tradesmen when they are a whole street off, But not when they are neer. *Spru.* 'Tis true, there must Be a due distance 'twixt the sight and object.

With

With what variety of wares is your
Shop furnished. *Thri. Imprimis*, with a fair Wife
And Prentice. *Item*, with Knots and Phanfies
Of all fashions, and twenty other toyes.
There is a Courtier Sir that owes to me
Two thousand pound for Garters and for Roses.
Faith Sir, and if you would bring a fashion up,
And hang some Ribbanning round about your Hat
As well as in one place, you should finde me
And my Wife thankfull. *Spru.* 'Twould be too Pedlar-like.

Enter Spark, an Inns of Court-man.

Spar. What's there, a Courtier and a Citizen?
Such a conjunction is enough to make
A grand Eclipse. Sure th' one did never see
Th' other before, 'cause they are now so great.

Mr. Spruce. I am your humble servant.

Spru. Your Balzack. *Mr. Spark.* What God hath bless'd
Me with this happinelle, the sight of you?

Spar. Faith Sir fasting night, and I did chuse
Rather to spend my money at a Play,
Then at the Ordinary: I now esteem
My choice as policy, since 'tis my fortune
To sit neer you: If the Play should prove dull
Your company will satisfie my ears.

Enter Landlord, a Country Gentleman

Landl. God save you Gentlemen, 'tis my ambition
To occupy a place neer you: there are
None that be worthy of my company
In any room beneath the twelve peny.
I've sate with Judges on the Bench, and frown'd
As sowrely npon things I did not know,
As any Lawyer does on a poor Client:
I have found fault with very good Sermons
In my daies, and now I desire that we
May passe our sentences upon this Play.

Thri. With all my heart. O that I had my Gown!

Spar. Dare you presume to censure Poetry?
'Tis the Prerogative of the wits in Town,

'Cause you have read perhaps a Statute-Book,
And been High-Constable, do y' think you know
The Laws of Comedy and Tragedy?

Prethee, what kinde of Beast is *Helison*?

You may have skill in Horse and Sheep, and yet
Know neither *Pegasus*, nor *Pastorals*.

Alas you're ignorant of any stile

But what stands in a hedge; you never heard
Of more then the four humours of the body;
Nor did you ever understand a Plot,

Unlesse that grand one of the *Powder-Treasure*.

You've worn perchance a pair of Spatterdashers,

But scarce e're saw a Buskin; and my Nose,

Tells me your feet did never yet wear Socks.

Spru. And you too would usurp *Apello's* Chair,
As if th' Exchange did ever breed a wit.

Though you can give words soft and smooth, as is

Your Sattin Ribbon, yet your speech is harsh

To the round language of the Theater,

'Cause you sell *Phanisses*, and can cast account,

Do y' think your brain conceives Poetique Numbers?

You cannot tell, if you were ask'd the question,

Whether a *Metaphor* be flesh or filth;

You may perchance have judgement to discern

What Puppet dances well, or understand

Which Juglers mouth is best at the Bay-leafe;

But who deserves the Lawrell wreath, you know

No more, then you do know which Land i'th' field

Bears Barley, and which Wheat, which Rye, which Oats.

Spar. 'Cause you will be prodigious, and aim

At Wit, a thing I never heard of, till

I came to th' *Temple*, prethee inform me,

What part you think essentiall to a *Play*?

And what in your opinion is stild Wit.

Landl. Why I would have the Fool in every Act,

Be't Comedy, or Tragedy, I have laugh'd

Untill I cry'd again, to see what Faces

The Rogue will make: O it does me good

To see him hold out's Chin hang down his hands,
And twidle his Bawble. There is nere a port
About him but breaks jests. I heard a fellow
Once on this Stage cry, *Doodle, Doodle, Doe,*
Beyond compare; I'd give the other shilling
To see him act the Changling once again.

Thri. And so would I, his part has all the wit,
For none speaks Craps and Quibbles besides him:
I'd rather see him leap, laugh, or cry,
Then hear the gravest Speech in all the *Play*.
I never saw *Rhede* peeping through the Curtain,
But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart.

Spar. H₂, ha, ha, ha! To see how their wits jump,
'Tis hard to tell which is the verier Fool,
The Country Gentleman, or Citizen:
Your judgements are ridiculous and vain
As your Forefathers, whose dull intellect
Did nothing understand but fools and fighting;
'Twill hardly enter into my belief
That ye are of this Age, sure ye are Ghosts.
The Poets now have with their heavenly fire
Purg'd their inventions of those grosser follies,
And with sublime conceits enrich'd the Stage:
Instead of loose lascivious mirth they bring
Ingenious raptures, which do please, not tickle,
And rather move us to admire, then laugh.
The Motly Coat was banish'd with Trunk Hose,
And since their wits grew sharp, the Swords are sheath'd.

Spru. Then playing upon words is as much out
Of fashion here, as Pepper is at Court.

Landl. Well, since there will be nere a fool i'th' *Play*,
I'll have my money again; the Comedy
Will be as tedious to me, as a Sermon,
And I do fear that I shall fall asleep,
And give my twelve pence to be melancholy:

Spar. Nay, ne're fear that, for on my word you shall
Have mirth, although there be no Changlings part.

Landl. Well, I will stay it out, though't only be

That

That I may view the Ladies, and they me.

Thri. Sir, was't a Poet, or a Gentleman
That writ this play? The Court, and Inns of Court,
Of late bring forth more wit, then all the Tavernes,
Which makes me pity Play-Rights; they were poore
Before, even to a Proverb; Now their trade
Must needs go down, when so many set up.
I do not think but I shall shortly see
One Poet sue to keep the door, another
To be prompter, a third to snuff the candles.
Pray Sir, has any Gentleman of late
Beg'd the Monopoly of Comedies?

Spar. No: But of late the Poets having drown'd
Their brains in Sack, are grown so dull and lazy,
That they may be the subjects of a Play,
Rather then the Authors: They have left to invoke
Thalia now, and only call on Drawers:
They quite neglect *Apollo's* Sacred Reed
Which warbles forth Diviner Harmony,
And use alone the dumb Tobacco-pipe.
Now lest the Stage should only entertain
The Auditors with cold meats, (which are grown
Mouldy and stale, as was the Usurers Pye
Which came to the Table 'bove an hundred times,
Untill at last it crept away it self.)
Some of our Tribe, neither for gain, nor fame,
But out of free and well-meant charity,
Devote their vacant minutes to the Muses,
Preferring them before Balcony-Ladies,
And other fonder vanities of this Age.

Thri. Courtiers, I think, have little else to do;
So to be idle, is in them a vertue:
But I do fear that writing Playes, will make
Our Inns of Court-men Truants in the Law.
Shortly they will be *Ovid*-like, who could
Not chuse but put Indentures into Verse.
E're I am Sheriff, I warrant we shall have
Master-Recorder rhyme upon the Bench.

Landl. It was a Comedy, they say, that first
Did make the Lawyer call'd, an *Ignoramus*.

Spar. To put on Lock or Buskin on our feet
Is not our study, but recreation,
When we are tir'd with reading *Littleton*,
Penning a Scene does more refresh our brain
Then Sack, or *Hide-Park* ayr, Poetry is
The sawce that makes severer meats digest,
And turns rude Barbarism into delight.

Thri. Sir, I have heard 'um say, that Poets may
Write without Ink rather then Wine. *Landl.* And I
Have heard that 'tis as hard to make a Play
Without Canary, as it is to make
A Cheese without Runnet : Tobacco leafs
Do more inspire, then all the leafs of books.

Thri. How then does Sack injure our Poets Brains ?

Spar. Still are you muffled up in ignorance ;
Do you not know too much excesse may turn
The greatest Antidote to deadly poyson ?

Spar. Besides, Phylosophers do say, that there's
Antipathy betwixt the Vine and Lawrell ;
And since they hate Proximity i'th' Garden.
I scarce believe they do agree i'th' head :
And certain 'tis, that pure Poetique fire
Is not the cause, nor the effect of smoak.

Loud Musique sounds.

But hilt, the Prologue enters. *Landl.* Now it chimes
All in, to the Play, the Peals were rung before,

Pro. Must alwayes I a Hearer only be ?

He being out, is laught at, by *Spark. Thrift.* }
Spruce. Landl. }

Pro. Pox take the Prompter, *Exit.*

Enter another to speak the Prologue.

Pro. Must alwayes I a Hearer only be ?
Mayn't a Spectator write a Comedy ?

The careless Shepherdess.

*He being out, looks in his hat, at which an Actor
plac't in the Pit, laughs.*

Pro. Let him that laughs speak the Prologue for me. *Exit.*

The Actor in the Pit laughs again, saying :

Faith Gentlemen, I'll leave your company,
Since none will do the Author Justice, I
Will something vent, though't be *ex tempore.* *Exit.*

Spar. I do not think but some poor Hackney Poet
Has hir'd the Players to be out upon
Suspicion, that they are abus'd i'th' Prologue.

Spru. Perhaps our presence daunteth them, let us
Retire into some private room, for fear
The third man should be out. *Spar.* A match.

Exeunt

Landl. I'll follow them, though't be into a Box. *Spru. Spar.*
Though they did sit thus open on the Stage
To shew their Cloak and Sute, yet I did think
At last they would take sanctuary 'mongst
The Ladies, lest some Creditor should spy them.
'Tis better looking o're a Ladies head,
Or through a Lattice-window, then a grate. *Exit. Landl.*

Zbri. And I will hasten to the money Box,
And take my Shilling out again, for now
I have considered that it is too much ;
I'll go to th' Bull, or Fortune, and there see
A Play for two pence, with a Jig to boot. *Exit.*

Enter the Actor that was in the Pit.

Actor. If I too should be out, this answer take,
I do not now so much repeat, as make.

Pro-


Prologue.

WHen first this Toy was publike, 'twas unknown
 To th' Author, and before 'twas feather'd flown;
 He now consents, that you should see't once more,
 'Cause he hath more faults, then it had before.
 He knows there is a snarling Sect i'th' Town,
 That do condemn all wit except their own;
 Were this Play ne're so good, it should not take,
 Nothing must passe that Gentlemen do make.
 Whilst I did sit i'th' Pit, I heard one say
 There n'ere was poorer language in a Play;
 And told his Neighbour, he did fear the vile
 Composure would go neer to spoil his stile.
 Another damn'd the Scene with full-mouth'd oaths,
 Because it was not dres'd in better cloaths;
 And rather wish'd each Actor might be mute,
 Then he should loose the sight of a fine suit.

O Wit and Judgement both! what they do raise
 To prejudice, is here the chiefest praise:
 Would it be proper, think you, for a Swain,
 To put on Buskins, and a lofty strain?
 Or should a Shepherdess such phrases vent,
 As the Spring-Garden Ladies complement;
 Should a rough *Satyre*, who did never know,
 The thing we call a *Taylor* Lord-like go
 In Silks and Sattins? Or a Country Lasse
 Wear by her side a Watch or Looking-Glasse:
 Faith Gentlemen, such Solecismes as these
 Might have done well in the Antipodes:
 It argues a strange ignorance to call
 Every thing foolish, that is naturall:
 If only Monsters please you, you must go
 Not to the Stage, but to a *Bartholomew* Show.

The Author aims not to show wit, but Art,
Nor did he strive to pen the Speech, but Part;
He could have writ high lines, and I do know
His pains were double to descend so low:
Nor does he think it infamy, to confess
His stile as *Careless* as the *Shepherdess*.
Good voices fall, and rise, and *Virgil*, who
Did *Georgicks* make, did write the *Aeneids* too:
Laurell in woods doth grow, and there may be
Some wit in *Shepherds* plain simplicity:
The pictures of a Beggar and a King
Do equall praises to a *Painter* bring;
Meadows and Groves in *Landships* please the eye
As much as all the *City* bravery:
May your ears too accept this rurall sport,
And think your selves in *Salisbury Plain*, not *Court*. *Exit.*

The



The Prologue.

TO

Their Majesties at *WHITE-HALL*:

Most gracious Sir,

O Fr hath your Court the Forrests gilded o're,
 Making that glorious which was rude before.
 You having greater power then *Orpheus*, now
 Draw woods unto your Court, each tree doth bow,
 And homage pay: O may all Forrests be
 As loyall to your Majesty, as we.
 Enjoy these *Sylvian* sports, may they appear
 Pleasing, as Hunting of the Noble Deer:
 But let the Poet scape, may't be your will,
 To frolique in the mirth, but not to kill.
 So may he please you often: at first start,
 Wound not his *Play*, and you'l make him a Hart. *Exit.*

C 2

The



The Actors.

Cleobulus, a Gentleman of *Arcadia*, father to *Philari-
ritus*.

Brachens, a Shepherd, father to *Arismena*.

Philaritus, a Lover of *Arismena*.

Lariscus, a Lover of *Castarina*.

Paromet, a Satyre, father to *Castarina*.

Graculus, a servant to *Brachens*.

Four Satyres.

Coridon

and } Servants to *Cleobulus*, one of them a Magitian.

Rurius.

Three Shepherds, and three Shepherdesses.

Apollo and two *Sybills*.

Sylvia.

Arismena,

and } Two Shepherdesses.

Castarina.

Attendants.

The Scene.

ARCADIA.

The



THE
Careless Shepherdess:
A
PASTORAL

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Musique having plaid a little, Philaretus is discovered discontented on his Couch, whilst one sings the ensuing Song.

They sing.

A Song. **1** Grieve not fond man, nor let one tear
Steal from thy eyes, she'll hear
No more of Cupid's shafts, they fly
For wounding her, so let them dye.
For why shouldst thou nourish such flames as burn
Thy easie brest, and not have like return.
Chorus. Love forces love, as flames expire,
If not increas'd by gentle fire.

2 Let then her frigid coolness move
Thee to withdraw thy purer Love;
And since she is resolv'd to shew
She will not love Do thou do too:
For why should beauty so far charm thy eyes,
That if she frown, thou'lt prove her Sacrifice.
Chorus. Love, &c.

P*Hi.* Play on, let Musique feed the ear, which is
 Deny'd my Mistress voice. That strain again:
 Oh 'tis compos'd of Harmony, it has
 The Magick of a Syrens note. So, So.
 Now let them sing what in my sleep I dream'd
 Of Cupids cruelty.

[*They play
 it again.*

[*The musique ceases.*

They sing.

- 1 *Blind Cupid lay aside thy Bow,
 Thou dost not know it's use,
 For Love, thou Tyranny dost show,
 Thy kindness is abuse.*
- 2 *Thou who wert call'd a pretty Boy,
 Art thought a Scheleton,
 For thou like death dost still destroy,
 When thou dost strike but one.*
- 3 *Each vulgar hand can do as much,
 Then heavenly skill we see,
 When we behold one Arrow touch
 Two marks that distant be.*
- 4 *Love alwayes looks for love agen,
 If e're thou wound mans heart,
 Pierce by the way his rib, and then
 He'l kisse, not curse thy Dart.*

Phila. Enough, no more.

Why should I tax thy power gentle Boy,
 That holds so much Divinity, it awes
 Not mortalls only, but makes other powers
Sub-Deities to thine? Great Love forgive me,
 I'll with religious and devout submission
 Beg reconcilement for my errors.

Serv. Sir.

Enter servant.

Your Father doth command your presence.

Phila. Tell him

My duty shall present it self; I go
 Like an unwilling Sacrifice to pay
 My life, 'am loath, but must obey. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lariscus and Castarina.

L *Ar.* Can you be Mistres of so cold a heart,
When such a flame as mine Courts you to warm it?
Think but how long and with what testimonies
Of my true service I have wooed your favour.

Cast. You are deceiv'd *Lariscus*, I have not
Such a cold heart as you pretend, nor am I
Ingratefull to your love you have exprest;
But you must pardon me, if I forbear,
And pause before I give my self away.
You men, when you enjoy what you desire,
Cool in affections, and being married
We lose our price and value, while we keep
Our freedome, you poure forth your service to us,
And study new wayes of devotion too
How to preserve us: Yet I do not make
This my reason, that I am so slow
In giving you that answer you desire:
I have profest already that I love
Your *Person*.

Lar. These are words, Oh give me proof!
And let not *Hymen* wast his holy tapers;
Give me *Possession* of my *Happinesse*.

Cast. Tame your affection, if you love me as
You have made boast, you will not think it tedious
To expect till I declare my resolution.
Me-thinks that *Lovers* might content themselves
Sometimes to meet, and talk, and smile, and kiss,
Without desire of more *possession*.

Thus I could satisfie my self, and you
A man, that better can correct your passions,
Should rest in this. The wish of more betrays
But the rank part of Love.

Lar. Were every Virgin
Of this opinion, the Race of men
And women would be lost; had but your Mother

Been of that minde, the world had never known
Such a thing as *Castarina*, whose sweet frame
And charming beauty, now hath made *Lariscus*
The subject of your pity.

Cast. Well *Lariscus*,
If you will arm your self with noble thoughts,
And think without examining my heart,
I have some reasons why I thus delay you,
You will perhaps finde no cause to repent :
Yet I am free, nor can you challenge me
Of any injustice, if I should to another
Dispose my heart ; no vows have past on my side
To meet with yours ; what I may do hereafter
In your assurance, may deserve a welcome.

Enter Cleobulus and Philaretus:

Cleobulus is making to this walk,
And young *Philaretus*, let us withdraw
To the next Grove.

Lar. I am happy to wait on you. *Exeunt. Lar. and Cast.*

ACT. F. SCENA 3.

CLeob. Is this the reward of all my care ? Hast thou
Forgot thy Birth and generous blood ? Have I
By my own industry added to the Estate
My Father left me, with an hope to make
Thee great, and match thee to a Family
Of Honor ? and have you thrown your kinde heart
Forsooth, upon a Beggar, a base Shepherdess ?

Phil. Oh Sir forbear ! The thunder when it breaks,
Carries no more horror with't, then this
Speech of yours. Can she be base, whom Nature
Hath grac'd with all perfections of the first
Creation ? I tell you Sir, were all
As she, *Pandora* should receive her ills
Into her Box again, and man as at
The first, should be exempted from a fear
Of death,

Cleob. Alas poor silly Boy! thou think'st
That virtue, which is onely varnish'd o're
With modest looks.

Phil. Such modest looks as grace
Arismena, cannot be counterfeit: She's
No Impostor: her chaste looks are the true
Symptoms of what lies treasur'd in the heart,
To which I've vow'd devotion, and will pay
My love religiously to her chaste self.

Cleob. But ere you do't, think on these aged haire,
And tell me, if their whitenesse exact not
Your quick obedience to my will.

Phil. Indeed
I must confesse you are my father, and
May by that challenge Sir, to be the Pilot
Of my will, and in ought which may concern
Me (but my wife.) You shall bear greater sway
Then I my self.

Cleob. I thank thee Sir; in things
Of most importance I must be a stranger;
In slight and common things you'll use my counsell.

Phil. Nay Sir; I did mean
To beg here your consent with all humility
Became a son; and I did nourish hope
You would be kinde, and make my wishes happy;
For I must here professe, I love her so,
That were the world propounded, my reward
To change that deer affection to this maid,
Thus I would spurn it. My soul flies to her
With wings of chaste and zealous love.

Cleob. Y'are then resolv'd?

Phil. I am.

Cle. To marry without a portion?

Phil. Without such portions as the world esteems:
And yet she is not Sir so poor, she has ———

Cleob. What has the foolish Boy, a nest of sheephooks?
Her fathers goodly armory; a stock
Of tar, and seering irons, to grace your dining room,

Where for variety, instead of Armes
 Shall hang so many Bottles and old Pouches :
 Abroad his rotten sheep will raise a sum
 To build, and purchase Towns; you'll learn a trade too
 Of lying in the Sun, and lousing of
 Your ragged Wardrobe, besides the art
 Of whistling to the dog that barks again
 To help a Consort; these are precious things;
 And then the beauteous Paragon your wife
 With her Straw-Hat and Linsley-Wolfey robe,
 A Peticoat has serv'd her twelve *May* daies,
 Besides the Feasts of juggling about *May* Poles,
 Is such a treasure?

Phil. If you consider Sir how great a vertue
 Lies hid under so mean a veil; shall I
 Despise a Diamond 'cause it comes not in
 A golden Casket: all which the *Poets* feign
 Was extant in *Astrea* fled, will seem
 But as one drop unto the Sea, if my
 Sweet *Arismena's* vertues be but weighed.

Cleob. And this you praise so much, shall be your sole
 Patrimony.

Phil. Sir, your pleasure.

Cleob. A goodly Patrimony: Vertue will buy
 Lordships, and stock your grounds, maintain the off-spring
 Of your admired choice; yes, and at length
 Leave something to your Noble Family.

Phil. Much wealth consists Sir in the enjoying
 A verruous Wife: admit you gave me to
 A woman with a Golden Mine, whose vast
 And unexhausted intrails can scarce
 Be fathom'd, yet she may be a Strumpet Sir,
 And so defile your unadulterate Race.
 Will bags heap'd with coyn restore chaste blood
 Into those sinfull veins? I know 't will serve
 As Panders to corrupt your Noble Stock;
 Oh think on that, and tell me if my choice
 Deserve your scorn?

Cleob.

Cleob. If you can finde estate
And riches to hereomeliness, and create
A Noble blood to fill her bright transparent veins,
I may consent.

Phil. The grounds we walk in Sir, and what your eye
In flowry meads may see abroad, are hers :
She has a thriving father, unto whom
She is sole childe ; these things I grant hold no
Proportion to your estate, and yet
A less may bring content , but where she comes
To crown all this; what can be an addition
To my felicity ? Pray Sir be not cruel,
But give consent.

Cleob. Thou mention'st only shadows,
And art in love with baseness, leave this folly,
And think not of her.

Phi. Bid me Sir not live,
And it will be much easier to obey you ;
But while I have my breath, and use my reason,
I must be *Arismena's* Votary.

Cleob. You must ?

Phi. My heart's compell'd.

Cleob. 'Twill break that heart when you finde want and force
to turn a Shepherd.

Phil. 'Tis a pleasant change.

Cleob. So, so, I here cast off
The relation of a Father, thou art no more
My son, I will adopt a stranger, and
He shall have all, my care meant thine.

Phi. You are
Unmercifull: think Sir that once your self
Did love, and I have heard you tell a story
Something like mine, how much impossible
You found it to withdraw your heart from one
Inferiour in Blood, and Fortune too.

Cleob. But Sir, I was my self,
And had no father to offend.

Phi. The Act
Was still the same.

Cleob. Still arguing? no more,
 I banish thee my light, and what is mine.
 Be absent from my thoughts, and know I can
 Leave off to be a Father, when my Son
 Shall cease his duty to my care.

Phil. You might
 Have given me a gentle doom, but since
 You banish me your presence, I must go
 To be repair'd in *Arismena's* smiles,
 And there intomb your frowns: Yet let me beg
 Your blessing first, which shall while you deny me
 The benefit of what you have, to me
 Serve as a Patrimony.

Cleob. You hav'r.

Phil. Thanks worthy Sir, for now I'll strip my self
 Of these mis-seeming weeds, the Shepherds green
 Shall cloath *Philarius*, nor can it make
 Him poor, if *Arismena* smiles. The rich
 Have wakefull nights, whilst the poor mans Turfe
 Begets a peacefull sleep, in which they're blest
 From frigid fears all day, at night with rest. *Exit.*

Cleob. He's gone: Has Loves inflamed dart then pierced
 Past all recovery? I do pity him,
 But must not shew't; if there be any means
 That time or art can shew me to reduce him,
 I'll study it.

ACT. I. SCEN. 4.

Enter Bracheus.

B*Ra.* Good day *Cleobulus*:
 You do my field a grace to take the ayr in'r.

Cleob. Oh! are you come? D'ye hear? you have a Daughter.

Bra. I hope I have.

Cleob. A fair one too.

Bra. She's a pretty Sun-burnt wench.

Cleob. What Portion will you give with her?

Bra. Why Sir, she has a Portion.

Cleob.

Cleob. Say y' so ?

Pray let me know the sum, happ'ly I may
Graft her in a Family of Honor Sir.

Brach. Excuse me then, good Sir, if I appear
Too great a praiser of my own, she has
An honest minde, and that some men accompt.
A Portion Sir, it is not found in all
Her Sex, if stories may be credited :

She's young, and in my eyes fair, I dare yet
Believe 'em, she's handsome, and she can
Pray too, and spend not all the morn to dress her.

Cleob. 's this all her Portion ?

Brach. If I do like the man would be her Husband,
I can give Acres too, and many Flocks
Of sheep.

Cleob. And will that make her in your judgement
A fitting match for my *Philaritus* ?

Brach. I do not say it will.

Cleob. Why then is she in love with him ?

Brach. Why ? is *Philaritus* in love with *Arismena* ?

Cleob. I, and not without your knowledge too, you have
By base temptations and devises wrought him
To affect her ; but I'll cross all your plots.

Brach. Have I contriv'd the ruine of your Son,
And basely wrought him to affect my Daughter ?
I tell you Sir, I wuht both good to you and him,
But know I scorn as much your Son
Should marry with *Arismena*, as you
Can hate *Philaritus* for loving her.

Cleob. Out Beggar, know that if my Son *Philaritus*
Doth marry *Arismena*, I will throw him
Quite from my blessing, from my state, from all,
And smile to see the ruine of you all. *Cleobulus offers to go forth.*

Bra. Pray stay, and hear what I resolve, if my
Daughter do marry, nay but entertain
A good thought of your Son, rich as you are,
I'll turn her out of doors without my blessing,
And not relieve her, though at point to starve.

I fear you not, nor your estate, I shall
Live in despite of your so generous blood,
Yes and live honestly, which you rich men do not.
Get off my ground.

Cleob. So, so, your goodly ground. *Exit Cleobulus.*

Bra. I'm vext, but he shall finde e're I ha done.
My Daughter is too good for his proud Son. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

Enter Lariscus, Castarina.

L *Ar.* They're gone again, and we may take this walk
Without the fear of spies; but you delay
To satisfie my urgings with discourse
Of that must be remov'd, before my wishes
Can meet their happineſſe.

Cast. The memory
Of banisht *Paromet* my Father wounds
Each thought I vary. If your Unkles power
Could make his doom revert----

Lar. If we might own
The knowledge where he is.

Cast. Yet he hath being,
For else some vision would have taught my dreams,
Both how, and where he dy'd, till he's restor'd,
My vows have seal'd my resolution
To live a Maid, and not till then *Lariscus*
Must hope for *Castarina*. So adieu. *Exit.*

Lar. You have pronounc'd my sentence worse then death,
My torments will be lingring. *Paromet*,
If living, is not to be found, if dead,
All my desires must lose their ends. But stay,
Jealousie prompts me to suspect she mocks me:
I'll to the Oracle, my doubts shall be
Quickly resolv'd from its Divinity. *Exit.*

ACT. 2. SCENA I.

Sylvia discovered in her Bower singing.

The Song.

Come Shepherds come, impale your brows
With Garlands of the choicest flowers
The time allows.

Come Nymphs deckt in your dangling hair,
And unto Sylvia's shady Bowers
With hast repair :

Where you shall see chaste Turtles play,
And Nightingals make lasting May,
As if old Time his youthfull minde,
To one delightful season had confin'd.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

1 Shep. What Musick's this doth reach our ears ?
Which sounds like that made by the Sphæars,
And so affects the eager sence,
'Tis ravish'd with its excellence.

2 Shep. The ayr doth smell of Indian spice,
Or that the senses stupifies,
Which by Arabian winds is spread
From the ashes of a Phoenix dead.
Whence is this wonder.

3 Shep. See, see, where
The lovely Goddess doth appear :
Fair Sylvia, she that orders how
Before Pans Altars we should bow,
And for propitiation every year
Of the choice fleece our sheep do bear :
Pay thankfull Sacrifice, that he
May keep our flocks from danger free.
Instruct us Goddess what's thy will,

Sylv. Upon this leavy wood crown'd hill,
I do invite you to Pans feast,
Where each shall be a welcome Guest.

Then

Then to the musique of my voice,
 Move gently on each with his choice,
 But so that no malicious eye
 See ought to task your modesty;
 For your delights must alway be
 Attended on by chastity.

Dance.

Sylv. 'Tis time the Sacrifice begin,
 Devotion must be done within;
 Which done; you may of Ceres tast,
 And Bacchus gifts, but make no wast:
 For oft where plenty injur'd stands,
 The bounteous Gods do shut their hands:
 The snowy fleeces you have shorn,
 And crop't the golden ears of corn;
 Lyxus blood is prest and put
 Into the safe preserving Butt:
 There when the cold and blustering ayre
 Invites you from the Plains, (yet faire)
 To take warm shelters, that may keep
 Your selves in health, and eke your sheep.
 Will into your numb'd limbs inspire
 An active and preserving fire;
 Let your expressions then be free,
 And gently moving follow me
 Ascends to her Bower singing.

She sings.

On Shepherds on, we'l Sacrifice
 Those spotless Lambs we prize
 At highest rate, for Pan doth keep
 From harm our scatter'd sheep:
 And hath deserved
 For to be serv'd
 With those ye do esteem the best
 Amongst the flock, as fittest for his feast.
 Come Virgins, bring your garlands here,
 And hang them every where:
 Thus let his Altars be o'respread

Wish Roses fresh and red ;

Burn Gums and Spice ;

Rich Sacrifice.

The Gods so bounteous are, ye know

Ye mortals cannot pay them what ye owe.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 2.

Enter Philaritus like a Shepherd.

Phil. Here's harmlesse mirth ; ô 'tis a happinesse
To be in such sweet company ! who would
Not forsake all the riches of the world
For one he lov'd ? Did she but live as pure
As are those souls contain'd in Shepherds weeds,
Oh Love ! what man hath power to resist
Thy piercing darts, which like a fatal lightning
Hurt not the skin nor flesh, yet wound the heart ?
I that this morning was my Fathers joy,
The sole hope of his age and fortune, am
Become a stranger to his family ;
By him exil'd, and thrown from all his cares ;
I scarcely in this habit know my self,
Yet I am happy in't, and shall be happier,
If *Arismena*, for whose sake I suffer,
Smile on the change, she's here, and with her.

Enter Arismena and Castarina.

Her fair Companion *Castarina* ; I'll
Obscure my self, and listen to their talk.

Philatitus creeps behind a Bush.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 3.

Cast. Indeed *Arismena* I must chide you for't,
'Cause you are fair, indeed the fairest Shepherdesse
In all *Arcadia*, must that make you cruel ?
That Beauty would become you more, if you
Would shew you had a heart like other Nymphs ;
Or if you cannot love, you need not scorn

E

Those

Those that express their service.

Aris. Thou art foolish,

I do 'em Justice; should I smile upon
Their passions, and pity 'em, or but nourish
Their folly, they would more afflict themselves,
And trouble me; I give 'em soon their answer,
Tell 'em what they shall trust to, that they may not
Languish in expectation.

Cast. Well, you have a heart----

Aris. Yes, I feel it beat, but 'tis not yet
Infected with that mischief you call Love,
Nor I hope 'twill not; but if Virgins lov'd
Themselves, they would place a better guard about
Their bosomes, and preserve their innocent freedom,
And not let every flattery betray 'em.
Give up their liberty for a song or sigh
Of any whining Lover.

Cast. Do you think
That no man can deserve your love?

Aris. I ne're
Examine their deserts, that may endanger me,
They'r all alike to me that court my favour.

Aris *mena* sings.

1 Now fie on Love, it ill befits,
Or man or woman know it,
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly shew it.
Betray their too much feather'd brains,
And shall have only Bedlam for their pains.
2 To love, is to distract my sleep,
And making, to wear fetters,
To love, is but to go to School to weep,
I'll leave it for my betters.
If single love be such a curse,
To marry, is to make it ten times worse!

Cast. Come *Aris* *mena*, you in vain do hide
Your self from , I see through your disguise

'Tis pretty well dissembled, but I know
Your heart is not so empty as you speak it,
I know you love----

Arif. Whom prithee?

Cast. Nay, he does

Preserve you too, were you more fair, and to
That beauty had a soul above your Sex,
You know *Philaritus*.

Arif. Ha, ha, ha!

Cast. A Gentleman,
Heir to *Cleobulus*, but his Fortune is
The least addition, he is Fames darling,
And one whose service is an heaven to you
Being but a Shepherdess.

Arif. But a Shepherdess!
Why *Castarina*, I do value my
Being a Shepherdess above all his hopes
And fortunes, nor should change that honest title,
For all the honors of the Court, but, 'cause
It seems thou hast opinion that I love him,
I'll clear my heart to thee, and hold it truth
What I affirme: 'Tis true *Philaritus*
Is a desertfull Gentleman, and hath made
Expresse signes of his dear affection to me;
But by *Diana's* self, he is to me
In point of Love, no more then he that is
The rudest Shepherd of the Plain.

Cast. No more;
I do believe you, and rejoyce to hear it,
For in her heart poor *Castarina* loves him,
Though he knew it not. *Philaritus comes from the Bush.*

Arif. Who's that? Hath not
Some Shepherd overheard us?

Phil. Yes, but one
That shall take no delight to publish what
Concerns his own misfortune.

Arif. Is not this *Philaritus*?

Cast. Turn'd Shepherd for your sake :
How every garb doth become him ?

Phil. Do not
Fly me sweet *Arismena*, for I bring
No danger to your person, sooner death
With torture should let fall his strings upon
My heart, then once *Philaritus* should bring
A thought that should displease fair *Arismena* ?

Arif. What is your will Sir, for I now have but
Short time for stay; and if your businesse be
No other then you late propounded to me,
You need not a repetition,
Unlesse you take delight to hear me say,
I cannot love ?

Phil. Why then I cannot live.

Arif. Yes, many a fair day, and enjoy a love
Of far more worth then *Arismena* is,
A foolish Shepherdesse.

Phil. He must not be
A man, and hold his life long, that should dare
To speak that language.

Arif. Well Sir, is this all
Th' affairs with me, the minutes call me hence.

Cast. Poor *Castarina*, in what plight art thou
To see the treasure of thy heart slide from thee,
And powre it self into anothers Bosome :
She is compos'd of tyranny; I should not
Be so hard-hearted. would *Philaritus*
Direct his passions hither. Oh my Fate !

*Philaritus and
Arismena talk
aside.*

Arif. Indeed *Philaritus* I cannot help
All this, I'm not your Fathers Governour,
'Tis but your disodience, you may
Recover him again, if you will take
My counsel, and throw off this foolish love;
Your Father's wise, and I am of his minde
Partly; you take a course to lose your self:
And where you urge the penance you are willing
To undergo for love of me, I answer,

As you cannot resist what love compells you to,
 I cannot help that I am not in love,
 It is your fate to have too much, and I
 Too little love, all this must be obey'd.

Cast. Steel break his heart, let me advise you Sir
 Be not too much dejected, this is but
 A short liv'd humour, I dare prophesie
 You may be happy in your affection.

Phil. Make not my wound ridiculous I pray
 By flatt'ring me with hope; she is all marble.

Arif. Come *Castarina*; stay, is not that *Gracculus*?

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

Enter Gracculus.

G*rac.* I'm glad I have you, oh Mistress.
Arif. What's the matter?

Grac. Feel here, and here, and indeed every where.

Arif. Hast thou met with a *Satire*, thou art frightened?

Grac. Worse, worse, the devil would not have
 Put me into this sweat.

Cast. Prethee speak, Why art thou so distracted?

Arif. He bleeds too.

Grac. 'Twould make you mad to be us'd as I ha' bin, but that's
 Not all; oh Mistress, your Father and my Master,

Arif. Ah! What of him? is he sick?

Grac. No, no; worse, worse:

Cast. Is he dead?

Grac. Worse, worse, an he had been dead my head had not
 been broke, and my bones made powder in my skin, with his
 Sheephook.

Phil. What's the wonder?

Arif. Speak the worst:

Grac. Why then he is posselt

Arif. With an evill Spirit?

Grac. Yes the devil is in him I think, he came home in such a
 fury, and has beaten us all round, the poor Whelp in the Chim-
 ney Corner for offering but to open his jaws, being newly waked

out of his dream with his thundring, and his brains beaten out, which the Cat perceiving, run mad out of the top of the Chimney: The first word he said was, *Arismena, Arismena*, and because you appear'd not, the next thing was a blow, this blood can witnesse. I could scarce recover my tongue to tell him you were not within, but after half a dozen more knocks and kicks one with another, for I was not to choose, bad me run in the devils name and fetch you, and presently, or go hang my self; imagine I was glad to be out of his reach, and with as much hast as my bruises would allow, I have sought you up and down, now I have found you, pray come home, and know his meaning, I dare not appear without you, I must choose my tree else. Oh my shoulders! I think I were best hang my self presently to be out of my pain.

Aris. 'Tis very staange, but *Castarina* come,
 Nay, thou shalt bear me company, and help
 To calm his passions. Farewell *Philaritus*.

Exeunt, all but Philar.

Phil. That word carries some comfort yet; Oh may
 Blessings reward thy tongue for't; and yet 'tis,
 If I remember, but the common word
 At parting. Farewell, something it contain'd
 Once, but 'tis now grown empty, and no wish
 Of happiness: Was ever man thus lost
 I'th' labyrinth of Love, to Court my Mistress
 A flinty hearted woman? Oh my Stars!
 You were ungentle to design me such
 A miserable fate, to affect, where I am
 Scorn'd, and have no power to withdraw
 My heart from ruine; death were an easie change:
 Why, I am in the way, it must needs break
 My heart at last, I must once die, and 'tis
 Better to die in love then otherwise. *Exit.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 5.

Enter Lariscus.

Lar. When by the current of you' Chrifftall ſtream
I fate me down, a gentle ſlumber clos'd
Theſe wearied eyes, and dreams transforming love,
Made beauty ſeem imperfect in her ſelf,
For then, oh then, ſad thoughts diſturb'd my mind;
I ſigh't forth that, which in my knowing ſenſe
Was Hereſie to think; ſo pure I know
Was *Caſtarina's* love, that to miſdoubt,
Were breach of faith, and yet ſuch fancies did
Ariſe within my troubled brain, I know
Not what to hope, or doubt. O fancy!
Thou work's't too much upon my nature, and I
Am too too credulous of dreams; yet paſs
Thou ill ſuſpitions of my love, they ſhan't
Diſturb my reſt, which like to healthfull blood
Shall run in all my veins, and by my hopes
Create a new eſtabliſht peace, which ſhall
Extinguiſh fearfull thoughts, as *Lucifer*
Exhales the groſſer vapours from the earth.
Then till *Apollo's* Oracle propounds
More cauſe of fear, I'll hope the beſt; this ſweet
Harmony tells me, I'm neer the ſacred place
Which will reſolve my doubts: And ſee! the Temple
Doors yeeld me a free acceſs unto his Throne;
Yet I'll forbear to ſpeak, till he have ceas'd
His Muſique on his charming Lyre.

*Soft Muſique
within.*

*A Scene diſcovered, wherein Apollo is ſeen
playing on his Harp, and two Sybils
ſinging. Apollo falls from his former
tone, and plays an Ay, to which the
Sybils ſing.*

ACT.

ACTUS 2. SCEN. 6.

The Song.

WE to thy Harp Apollo sing,
 Whil' st others to thy Altars bring
 Their humble prayers
 For length of daies:
 Or else for knowledge of their Fates,
 Which by their prayers thou renovates,
 And dost renue
 Not as their due,

But as their worth, incites thy love
 To shower thy blessings from above. He kneels.

Larif. I am all wonder.

Thou who dost all secrets know,
 Vouchsafe for to descend so low,
 As to resolve a doubt which springs
 From dreams, and such sad nightly things.
 Shall Castarina be my Love?
 Speak Apollo, and if she prove
 But kind unto my vows, I swear
 I'll offer Incense every year,
 And oft my grateful thanks return,
 And Spices on thy Alters burn.

Apollo. Thou shalt finde crosses in thy love,
 Yet time may make them blessings prove;
 For when the Virgins o're her Hearse,
 Have plac'd the Garland and sad verse,
 And bath'd the cold earth with their tears,
 Thy hope shall overcome thy fears.
 And till that she be dead, shall not
 Enjoy her love: Unty the Knot. Apollo's Scene closes up.

Lar. Be clearer Oracle, and leave me not
 In doubt: What! are your gates already shut
 Open but once again, and speak, although
 Your voice be death, let not my trembling soul
 Be tortur'd through despair, or else be griev'd
 By vain expecting of my joyes. Say great

Apollo,

Apollo, Is she mine ? ---- Not a word.
 Art thou grown deaf unto our prayers ; then here
 Begins my misery ; and where I did
 Expect the clear unfolding of my doubts,
 There I perceive a Riddle. ---- I shall be
 Crost in my love , and yet from thence derive
 New blessings. Can effects spring from a cause
 'Has difference in th' extream ? When she is dead
 I shall enjoy her love . With what delight
 Can my flame meet her cold and uselesse earth ?
 Or must I then form to my memory
 Her living shape, and with desire imbrace
 That shadow, which my fancy now commands,
 And when I please gives me possession of.
 The juggling God makes pastime of my passions :
 But why do I prophane ? great Power forgive me ,
 'Tis a just punishment ; for being curious
 To know the mystery of Fate, I must
 Refer th' event to what is order'd by
 The high disposer of my destiny. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. I:

Enter three Satires.

1 **C**OME on my fellow Satires, we will be
 Still Masters of the Woods, and please our selves
 And our appetites, no matter though
 The foolish Shepherds rail upon us, let us
 Pursue our game , no Shepherdess shall scape us,
 Unless they walk with stronger guard, and when
 Men come like Armies to destroy us, we
 Trust to our nimble feet, and leave them cursing,
 Because they ha' not wings to overtake us.

2 The Nymphs, because we are deform'd, contemn us,
 But if we take them at advantage, we
 Teach 'em repentance, and delight our selves
 Upon their rape ; the last I grappl'd with,
 Was a delitious Thief.

3 Pursue your pleasures ;

Only I charge you, if in any walk
Of yours, the beautifull *Arismena*
Chance to appear, none touch her to offence ;
And lest your presence fright her, hast away,
She must be mine, although I 'lmost despair :
That so much sweetnesse should affect a Monster,
For I have 'gainst my nature courted her,
Lain prostrate at her feet, with sighs and tears
Besought her to compassionate a heart
That languish'd for a kisse, still she has scorn'd me ,
Next time I meet her at advantage, I
Will satisfie my full desires upon her.

Omnes ; We will obey.

Set.

All other of her tribe
Are free to you , but she must be my prey :
Oh I am ravished but with the thought
How sweet a piece of flesh I shall compell
To serve my pleasure ; not a thousand prayers
Nor rivers of her tears shall quench my lust :
Methinks I have her at imbrace already ;
We live to please our sence, and wo'd not change
Our Goatish sh ptes with any soft humanity
To court a female, and be made their fools,
And die for love of any pievish Giglet.

2 Yet 'tis not much amisse to flatter them,
If so they may be won.

3 Right, but if they
Be obstinate indeed, use violence,
And snatch your own delight from their fair Bosomes,
And glory in't ; when we have broke their *Maiden-heads*
They'l serve a doting Shepherd. Come be frolique,
And leap into a dance to practise our
Activity, the place is most secure :
Lustily Pipes ; I am all fire methinks.

*As the Satires are dancing, another
Satire comes in, pulling Graculus
by the heels, he crying.*

Grac.

Grac. Oh good Mr. Satire ! Ah ! ah !

They continue their dance about him, pinching and kicking him ; which done.

How came you by this fellow ?

Grac. He came not by me , but overtook me an't please you, a pox on his heels. Oh ! what will become of me ?

I, here's right, out of the frying pan into the fire.

My Master has half thrasht me to death-----

1 Your Master , what's your Mistress ?

Grac. My Master is the Shepherd *Brachius*,
Father of the fair *Arismena*.

1 *Arismena* , ha !

2 What shall we do with him ?

3 Hang him up on the next tree,

Grac. Ah ! if you hang me , I shall never be my own man again : Ah !

2 Let's tear him to pieces,

4 Limb by limb,

3 Roast him, and eat him,

Hee'l make a feast, the fool is fat.

Grac. You'l never endure my flesh in your mouths Gentlemen ;
Ah !

2 What not yours ?

Grac. Alas I am not sweet , do not your worships smell me ; 'tis rank within my lynings.

2 No , be advised by me , this fellow I have heard runs neighing after the Wenches , the first thing we do

Let's geld him ;

Omnes agreed.

2 I have an excellent Whittle to cut

His throat , or to carve him , Come Sirrah.

Grac. D'ye hear sweet-fac'd Gentlemen , you talk of hanging, I'll choose my Gallows , I, let me be trust up before you untrusse me , O that fashion let me die a man, and not a Capon ! Oh misery ! Alas I have nothing to speak on ! Ah ! ah ! If ever I neighed after any Female , or beckoned , or whistled , but to Boptaile our Bitch , that helps me to look to our sheep , and kennells with me , which I hope is no offence ; or slung so much

as a wanton eye upon any Cream-fac'd Shepherdess in *Arca-*
dia, let me whipt to death with Nettles, or flea me alive: Oh
 courteous, hairy, hoary, Satyrical Gentlemen.

1 I have considered, stand off, and I'll pronounce his sentence.

2 You had better have been hang'd at first, as I wo'd had you.

3 Or roasted, flead, or any thing,---- he'll pay you----

4 Or carv'd, as you were advis'd; he'll torture you, prepare to
 be seven years a dying.

Grac. Oh! do, do what you please with me, I shall not need
 to make my will, or if I did, you wo't let me go home to
 fetch what I would bestow upon you in Legacies, and to trust a-
 ny of you to be my Executors, is to no purpose; you have fright-
 ed me half dead already. Now, now.

1 Do you serve the fair *Arismena*?

Grac. I ha' not serv'd out my time, would you would give me
 leave to deserve Indentures.

1 What will you do to save your life now?

Grac. Do? why if it please you to command me, I will do a-
 ny thing, oh! any thing, to please any of your friends here to give
 their consent, and be bound hand and foot, I'll cut their throats.

2. 3. 4. Ha!

Grac. If you be so contented.

1 Will you promise, nay swear to bring your Mistress to this
 place to morrow, pretending you have found out some Fountain
 or delightful Spring, or what other invention you can tempt her
 with, but let no body else come with her.

Grac. She shall come by this hand, is that all? If I do not tice
 her hither, why carve me when you take me next, as that will
 not be long, if I perform not my Covenants, do what you will
 with me; we two will meet you here.

1 Not meet me, not a word of me, or any of my Companions.

Grac. D'ye think I am such an Ass? what care I who meets,
 you'll do me no hurt.

1 Nor her, we'll only be merry, and dance a little.

Grac. Nay use your pleasures, I'll bring her, or let me be gor'd
 to death with your Worthips horns.

1 I'll trust thee, farewell, if you fail, look to't. *Exiunt.*

Grac. I must keep my oath, and bring her hither, or they'll
 firk

hark me when they catch me again : But she's my Mistress, what then? and may--- thereby hangs a tale, hum! Why there's no great harm if they do but ---- and so let her go, she'l passe for a Maid a reasonable while after this litcherous Goat has a mind to her, no matter, I shall be thought innocent, and preserve my skin from their fangs by it.

I save my self, I'de give my Sister, Wife,
And almost hang my self to save my life. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 4.

Enter Bracheus, Arismena, and Castarina.

Aris. Sir, be assur'd you have a Daughter, whose
Happinesse consisteth more in being
A subject to your will, then could she boast
The mighty treasure of the *Indian* Mines.

Brac. Say'st thou so Girle? 'tis well, very well said,
And yet there's something in a corner of
Thy eye, makes me suspect, dost weep?

Aris. If any sorrow Sir appear in me,
It is that you suspect me to dissemble.
Indeed I speak with freedome of my heart,
I never lov'd *Philartus*, nor will.

Brac. Nor will: how's that? not if I should command.
How now? you go too far.

Aris. Sir, you amaze me.

Brac. I am amaz'd my self, and half distracted,
But look you do not love him; if he have
By any secret Love trick crept into
Your heart, out with him, tear him out again
Upon my blessing: 'Cause he's a Gentleman,
Must we be trod upon? our souls are free
And high as his: What, I am *Bracheus* still,
And thou art *Arismena* still, my Daughter,
Obedient I hope; ha! art thou not?
And he is but *Cleobulus*, a man
Of more estate, more dirt, and dunghill acres,

Wears

Wears richer cloaths, and feeds more daintily,
Yet he's but flesh and blood, his Son too good
To look on *Arismena*, threatned and cursed
For loving thee, he sha' not need, he sha' not.

Aris. Indeed he has often woo'd me Sir, and I
As often have denied, for trust me Sir
I cannot love at all yet, and 'twere strange
If he should creep into my good opinion,
And I not know on't: Willingly I would
Not dream I lov'd him, but if waking we
Joyn our affections, I must lose my reason.

Cast. So, so, this makes for me, how it doth joy
My heart to hear 'em both so peremptory?

Brac. His Father told me ye had both chang'd hearts,
Which was no small vexation, to hear
My Daughter had bestowed her self without
My knowledge and consent.

Aris. Sooner should I
Have thrown my self on some devouring Beast,
Then yeeld my heart to proud *Philaritus*
Without your will.

Brac. I've found thee hitherto
A dutifull child, and on the full assurance
Of what thou speak'st is truth, I wish all blessings
Be powr'd into thy lap Girle, and so I leave thee.

He offers to go, and comes back.

But if you play false play, and juggle with 'em,
D'ye hear? I say no more, and yet I'll speak it,
I'll turn thee graying with the Flock, and curse thee.

Aris. Sir, my obedience shall deserve your blessing.

Brac. Kneel down, and take it, and a kisse, go too,
I'll not suspect thee now, my heart's unquiet,
But 'twill I hope come to his own again.
Farewell *Castarina*, you love my Daughter,
Counsell her not to love *Philaritus*. *Exit.*

Cast. Most heartily, I hope she wont Sir.

Aris. Now *Castarina*, am I worth your credit,
Are you confirm'd *Philaritus* has no Engagement here.

Cast. You told me so before.

ACT.

ACT 3. SCEN. 5.

Enter Bracheus.

Brac. Daughter, a word, my mind is chang'd, and I
Consider if you do affect *Philaritus*

It can be no dishonor; and his Father
Says he does love thee infinitely, besides
He is a pretty handsome, pretty Gentleman.

Enter *Philaritus*, and
over-hears.

Phil. What do I hear? her Father speak such kind
And loving language to *Arismena*
Of lost *Philaritus*: oh happinesse!

Brac. And he has had good breeding, he shall have
A good estate, being his Fathers Heir.

Arif. How's this? But Sir, you said his Father had
Quite thrown him off for his affection
To me.

Brac. Indeed he threatned some such matter,
But things may easily be reconcil'd,
And he may be reduc'd to love him Girle
When things are done, therefore be wise.

Arif. Thus low,
And lower in my heart, I speak my duty,
You gave me life, but good Sir take 't not from me
E're you compell your Daughter 'gainst her heart
To love and marry with *Philaritus*.

Though other eyes and judgements give him all
The praise a young man can deserve, to me
He holds no substance, a meer Apparition;
And so with my consent he vanishes.

Brac. Again, again, let me imbrace my Girle
To my own heart, it was but my desire
To try thee again, I hate him and *Cleobulus*,
And to the grave shall follow thee with more
Comfort, then to his Marriage. Now farewell,
Be constant Girle, and blesse thy aged Father. *Exit.*

Cast. He's strangely troubled.

Phil. Oh my grieved soul!

Cast. Ha! is't not *Philaritus*?

Arif.

Arif. Away, I wo' not stay to hear him speak

Cast. You must alone then *Arismena*, for
I cannot go so soon.

Phil. She flies my sight ;
As I appear'd some ugly killing Serpent ,
Yet *Castarina* staves. Pray was not that
Fair *Arismena* that went hence ? and yet
You may be silent still , I know 'twas she ;
Sure I want eyes to look upon my self,
And there is some deformity my sight
Cannot discover ; what think you, am I
So strange a Monster ?

Cast. You are fair and comely
In my opinion.

Phil. You are charitable ,
Would *Arismena* thought so ; and yet why
Do I pursue my torment ; if she scorn me ,
Why do I place her here, so neer my heart ?

Cast. Be wise *Philaritus*.

Phil. You counsell well.

Cast. And love, where you may finde your love rewarded.

Phil. Sure there is none that can affect *Philaritus* ;
Why blush you *Castarina* ?

Cast. Would you could so easily read my heart.

Phil. I have it ,
It may do me good , this is a gentle Shepherdesse,
Forgive me heart if I dissemble with thee :
Fair Shepherdess, you have been witness to
My Loves sad story ; and when *Arismena*
Was cruell to my vows, you seem'd to bear
A part of grief with me, and that deserves
My thanks, I wo'd say love, if you accuse not
My change too soon. She cruell hath despis'd me,
And Justice bids me punish her, and blesse
My self, by offering to your care my heart.

Cast. *Philaritus* doth mock poor *Castarina*.

Phil. She comes too fast upon me , yet I know not, *Arismena*
A woman's heart is fathomlesse, she's return'd.

Arismena
enters.

If

If you sweet *Castarina* smile upon me
I'll quickly bury *Arismena's* frownes
In those fayre Eyes.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 6.

Aris. What do I see and hear !
So soon turn'd Votarie to *Castarina*
Oh man where is thy faith ! yet I deserve it
My heart 's too great to speak to him, I finde
A mutinie in my thoughts, who's this *Lariscus*.

Enter Lariscus.

The Shepheard that affecteth *Castarina*
The object will as little please his Eyes
For she is taken with *Philaritus*.
Kisse and embrace.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 7.

LAr. Oh cruell *Castarina* !
Is this th' reward of all my loving service ?
This sight afflicts me, is *Philaritus*
My rivall ? and by destiny appointed
The barr to all my hopes, If I mistake not
Report speaks his devotion directed
Only to *Arismena*, She's here too
A witnesse of his falshood. How do you
Affect their Actions *Arismena* ?

Aris. You.

Are not too much delighted I imagine,
They are both false, Oh for revenge ! I'll do't
Why should we be so tame ? *Philaritus*
Is perjur'd.

Lar. *Castarina* is too cruell.

Aris. Be rul'd by me and punish 'em.

Lar. They observe us.

Aris. It shall but vex their Eyes, Let us seeme loving.

Phil. *Lariscus* and *Arismena* they embrace.

Cast. And so let us.

Phil. By Jove, playes with his hayre,
He kisses her, was I thus scorn'd for him
I am not well
Good *Castarina* leave me.

Arismena and Lariscus
pass by hand embracing
Exeunt.

Cast. Not well, defend good Heaven! where is your paine?

Phil. Here at my heart.

Cast. At your heart.

Phil. Nay then I shall finde you will be another
Disease to me, pray have me.

Cast. How's this poor *Castarina*.

Exit.

Phil. Me thinks all this might have an easie cure
A little blood dram'd from the heart would doe it
And then I am reveng'd, no I am then
A greater triumph to her pride, no woman
Is worth our smallest part of life, and man
Betrayes a Cowardize for a wantons scorn
To practise wounds upon himselfe; yet I
Must not be altogether tame and suffer
There is a subject fit for my revenge

Lariscus must not long enjoy his breath
Or I must sacrifice my selfe to death.

Exit.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 8.

Enter Lariscus with a paper in his hand.

L Ar. 'Tis more then I expected, for I meant
To take revenge on thee *Philaritus*.

Lariscus.

The injury done me by thy ambition and courtship of
Arismena is no way to be pardoned, if thou hast any spirit meet
me at *Apollo's* Oake this afternoone, where I will either punish
thy insolence, or with my owne blood write my selfe *Arismena's*
sacrifice. *Philaritus*.

Had I not known the faire *Castarina*.
Or thy accomplisht vertues, this had bin
A cause sufficient to enflame my blood.

But

But as thou art the subject of my thoughts
 This will encrease my zealous flame, and whil'ſt
Philaritus thinks *Arismena* ſteels
 My poynt, tis thou adds vigour to my arme
 Faire *Caſtarina*'s written here and in
 Each wound I make ſweet *Caſtarina* ſhall
 Be read. Yet ſtay ! Coole thy ſtrong paſſions harte
 Let not fond Love be blinde, uſe reaſon ere
 Thou fight'ſt and weigh what in a woman can
 Deſerve a wound. Why *Caſtarina*'s faire,
 And ſeems to have a Soul above her Sex
 That may enſlame my heart. Oh no ! She may
 But ſeem a glorious Star, and then in what
 A caſe is poor *Lariſcus* in when he
 Shall wound *Philaritus* and finde his Love
 Beneath his thoughts 'twould be a Corraſive
 Beyond a Cure, and does already make
 Me hinge like to a doubtfull needle drawn
 Betwixt two Loadſtones, which at once inclines
 To both and neither ; Yet vaniſh all ſuch thoughts
 They are moſt falſe be then reveng'd *Lariſcus*
 And meet the fury of thy enemies ſpeare
 Whoſe flatteries have deſtroy'd thy hope in feare,
 Now cruell *Caſtarina* if I dye
 There is an end of Lovers miſerie.

Exit drawing the Challenge.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 9.

Caſtarina. Sola.

I Have diſcovered his intention
 To court my beauty, that he might appear
 In his neglect, to *Arismena* ; more
 Deſir'd by her, 'Tis our generall humor,
 And I my ſelfe would now enjoy *Lariſcus*
 Becauſe he now neglects me. But my feares
 Will not allow me to believe it poſſible
 Let it be ordered then by Providence

And Time, Whats here containd, ah ! a Challenge *She takes*
 Sent from *Philaritus* unto *Lariscus*. *up the Challenge.*

Oh my Stars happy influence ! they have made me

The means for bles't prevention of their ruines .

'Twixt whom their owne dissembling hath begot

A mutuall jealousie. I must be suddaine

Not dally with occasion ! 'Tis our Fate

To increase our loves by others seeming hate.

Exit.

ACT. 3. SCEN. IO.

Enter Graculus and Arismena.

A*ris.* This place will yeild an Eccho to thy voyce,
 Come therefore *Graculus*, Let's passe the time
 More pleasantly, you hove a merry Song I know.

Grac. Truth Mistris, you know my Songs they are rude, Yet
 such as Nature, not Art, hath taught me
 I'll power into your eares.

Graculus sings.

1

I am in love and cannot wooe
Heigho ! Heigho ! what shall I doe,
I gape and sigh and sometimes weepe
For Phillis that my heart doth keepe.

2

I love her haire and forehead high
Then am I taken with her eye,
Her cheek I doe commend for gay
But then her nose hang's in my way.

3

Her lipps I praise but then steps in
Her white and pretty dimpled chinn,
But there her neck I doe behold
Fit to be hung with chaines of Gold.

4

Her breasts are soft as any downe
Beneath which lies her Maiden Towne,

So strong and fortified within
In vaine I hope to take it in.

Aris. Excellently sung *Graculus*.

Grac. Nay I have a voyce, and had not my Masters beating
and a cruell fright stuck by me, I had sung most melodiously.

Aris. What fright's this you talke of ?

O Mistresse about this place, I, here about a *Satyre* met me, and
so misused me, as had I not been more then man I could nere
have liv'd, the very signes of their nipping me are like embroide-
ry on my flesh, Oh ! doe not touch me 'tis a paine to think on
them.

Satyre appearing, *Exit Graculus*.

ACT. 3. SCEN. II.

Sat. I seaze you cruel faire one ; but from those Lipps
Will force no amorous Kisse, if your pure soule
Denies me one, I will but aspire
So high as to salute your hand, and if
With freedome you shall grant me that, I'll boast
How much I am oblig'd.

Aris. Dare not to touch.

He flies from her.

Sat. See brightfull Star, your voyce has shrunk me back
And I lie prostrate at your feet; nor from the Earth
Will raise my trembling joynts, till that clear voyce
Which struck me down shall raise me from the ground
And by your genuine voyce create my soule
As pure from dregs of Earth, as yours.

Aris. 'Tis well

This language argues more then what you seeme
And could almost intice me to beleive
I might shake off the feare, which doth arise
From sight of your grim shape, yet still those looks
Those ravenous looks affright my heart, and I
cannot be safe midst such deformity.

Sat. O stay ! Let not this outward shape amaze
Your brighter selfe ; The minde that's faire may well
Excuse what Nature hath mishap't. Grant that
Shee had bestow'd as comely parts upon

This outward forme as ere *Narcissus* had
 Yet if the minde had bin mishap'd the man
 Would (like some curious peice of Marble) seeme
 A glorious forme, and wo'nt the rich endowments
 Of the inward man ; Vertue and wit, those parts
 Which make him different from a moving statue.

Aris. Rise from the moyst bedewing Earth, your tongue
 Has won so much, that I'll admit your touch
 My hand.

Sat. Which with Devotion I will Kisse.

Aris. So you'll wish no more.

Sat. One touch upon that Lip
 And I have done.

Aris. I grant so you'll be gone.

Sat. Not yet, this Kisse has raviisht me, and now
 You have betray'd your selfe, it had bin easie
 To give ore when I was conquer'd by your speech
 But now I have tast those sweets which hangs upon
 Your Lips, you may expect the day and night
 As soone should meet as I not Kisse againe

Aris. O I'm undone.

Sat. No faire one I can leave
 Immodest Kisse, and love intirely love
 Those noble parts that grace thy better selfe
 What though thou seest me rude ? yet in this shape
 There is a soule can honour thee, and I
 Must now imbrace thee as my Joy.

Aris. Defend
 Me Powers.

Sat. From what ?

Aris. From Ravishing.

Sat. None means

So bad, or ill a deed ; the gentile breath
 Which from the *Phoenix* nest perfumes
 The rosie morn, Is not more chaste then I
 The Idolater adoreth not his Idol
 With greater reverence then I will you.

Aris. Horror !

Sat.

Sat. Why
Thus passionate? No mortall payes Devotion
With greater zeal unto his private Larr
Then I my duty faire to you.

Arif. I dare not hear.

She offers to go.

Sat. You must and shall, for if you do not turn
Your frowns to smiles, I shall but force that from
Your brest which might be freely gain'd.

Arif. Deliver Gods!

Sat. By all you name you stir not hence, the flame that's kind-
led here will not be so suppress

Either consent to be my mate, or from
Your bosome I will pluck my own delights.

Arif. O helpe.

Deliver Stars from such a curfed fate!

Sat. Nay then I must be bold and force you render up
Your cold Virginity unto my greedy lust.

Assist you Powers assist.

*As the Satyre is taking
up Arismena, Enters Phila-
ritus & wounds him: the Sa-
tyr lies on the Stage as dead.*

A C T. 3. S C E N. 12.

Enter Philaritus, who wounds the Satyre.

P*hil.* Curst be thy lechrous soule, may all thy stock
Perish in thee

Sat. Oh I am slaine.

He falls.

Phil. Why stand you trembling? wipe all palenes from
Your cheeks, here's none to fright you here
But poore *Philaritus*, and in his soule
You may repose your peacefull rest, he which
Has ventur'd thus, will think no blood his own
If it be kept from being spilt, when he
May spend it in your service.

Arif. You have Sir

Engag'd me beyond my desert, and though

Arismena be a woman and can repay
Nought but her thanks, yet those shall be so oft

And

And justly paid to you, that all the world
Shall know my heart is not ungratefull
For so great a favour.

Phil. You may be pleas'd
Arismena to finde a thing more gratefull
Then formall thanks, if you'l return your love
Twill make me happie, and renew a life
For trust me I doe wonder how I live
Without your resignation of my heart
Which you have faire one, and I cannot last
Unlesse you give it back

Arif. I doe resigne it
Most willingly. I claime no title in it.

Phil. But yet you cannot for indeed my heart
Is bound with yours, and unlesse you bestow
Your own I must be voyd, no heart can be
Encircled in this brest but yours.

Arif. Why? you
Would not have me pluck out my heart to have
it swallowed.

Phil. You're pleas'd to jeast, you know my
Meaning, and if you will can add a joy
To my sick soule

Arif. You'l have me render then
Love back for love, why that I cannot doe

Phil. Why *Arismena*, why? have I deserv'd
So ill that you shoud kill me for my faith
And make another rich in your affection.

Arif. Sure you are chang'd and this is but pretence
Castarina is your love, and had you bin
Lover of me, as you would seem, she had nere
Bin courted by *Philarithus*.

Phil. How like the Ivie hath my heart desir'd
To shew by what embraces I would hold you
I have no loving thought on other beauty
You're life, and from your smiles I gaine
My blisse.

Arif. If then your blisse consists in me

I'm sorry that my eyes invite my heart
 To grant another suite, for trust me Sir
 I could wish (in the requitance of this
 Last favour) that I could bestow my heart
 On you, which since I dare not doe I take
 My leave, and wish you rest for your own sake.

Phil. Stay yet and hear me a few words, I know not
 How long I have to live, and rather then
 Be punisht thus with your continual scorne,
 I'll put on wings to meet death ; but be sure
 My troubled spirit shall pursue thee living,
 And represent my passions, and not leave thee
 Till thou by such a cruelty as thy owne
 From him whom thou affectest best, shall suffer
 As I have done, and dye to meet me in
 The gloomy shades of lovers.

Arif. Fare you well Sir, I'll think on't. *Exit Arismena.*

Phil. Why do'st not break thou foolish heart, but thou
 May be art destin'd for *Lariscus* sword.
 Death will be happinesse, I'll kisse that fate
 Rather then live the object of her hate. *Exit Philaritus.*

Sat. Mischiefe pursue you both, he wounded me,
 But not I hope to death, though I seem'd so
 I'll be reveng'd upon you both for this
 I fear I bleed too inward, If I die,
 My curses shall procure their Tragedie.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Bracheus.

Brac. **H**OW vaine unbridled youth is that's ore sway'd
 By giddy passion resolutely hazard
 For satisfaction of their triviall rage
 Their soules eternitie? *Castarina*
 Hath inform'd me that young *Philaritus*
 And *Lariscus* doe intend to venter
 Like Prodigal gamesters, at one cast, the stock

Of both their live and fortunes : Prevention
Must be soone appli'd, or their too much heat
May prove their utter ruine ; and though *Cleobulus*
Count me the object of his scorne, my care
shall give him notice of their wilde intents.

Enter Coridon.

Good day to you Sir, may I desire you would
Let your Master know I'de speak with him.

Corrid. I shall.

Exit.

Brac. Perhaps *Cleobulus*, whose scrupulous soule
Is apt to make a question of my faith
May judge this act a flattery, a pretence
Of seeming frendship that with more safety
Philaritus may obtaine his desire
Of *Arismena*, then to hazard
him to the danger of *Lariscus* spear.
But these are vaine surmises ; my intents
Are plaine and verteous, and good actions ever
How ere misconstrued carries their reward
Still with themselves.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 2.

Enter Cleobulus.

Cleob. Would you with me ?

Brac. Yes.

Cleob. Speak your intents.

Brac. *Philaritus* ———

Cleob. Shall not injoy your daughter.

Brac. 'Tis not my suite.

Cleob. Say y^eso Sir, I shall with far more patience
hear you.

Brac. Briefly thus

I am inform'd, and tis a serious truth
Your sonne *Philaritus* (whose noble soule
Cannot indure a Rivall in his Love)
Hath sent a Challenge to *Lariscus*.
O Sir think what deserved pittie 'twill excite

In every honest bosome, that two such plants
Should be cut off from earth ere their full growth
As by a violent Tempest, So, or one
Or both are like to perish, for this morne
They are resolv'd to try their skill at Armes.

Cleob. Which you would have me to prevent?

Brac. It is your part.

Cleob. Ah, Ah, Ah;
You are mistaken then, for well I finde
Your aime, and see you do contrive this plot
To win me to consent *Philaritus*
Should marry *Arismena*; but you are too
Too young to cheat a Fox, and therefore
Ought to take more subtiler wayes then this.
Why you contemn'd my Sonne but now, and if
That rage sprang from the heart, you would be glad
He should receive the danger you pretend.

Brac. My rage was grounded here, and know right Sir
I cannot, neither will I now repent
What then my passion utter'd, I have more
Of man within me, yet see here's the Challenge
Sent from *Castarina*, which I will keepe
Though eminent mischiefe follow; I'd little thought
This discovery of your Sons danger wou'd
Have merited this entertainment.
So your best fate protect you. *Exit.*

Cleob. May be
That *Bracheus* is noble in his thoughts
And truly doth intend the good of young
Philaritus: Why should he else affirme
Hee has the challenge? and means nothing else
But friendship with *Cleobulus*? I was
Too hasty in my speech, and therefore will
Send for him back; Within there tell *Bracheus*
I'd speak with him.

Enter Coridon.

Cor. I shall Sir.

Exit.

Cleob. If now

I see the Challenge, I shall soon perceive
Whether it be *Philaritus* his hand
Or no, and then I soon shall finde his plot.

A C T. 4. S C E N. 3.

Enter Bracheus.

Brac. Did you send for me ?

Cleob. I would

Acknowledge that I was too rash for to
Suspect your goodnesse ere I had a cause
Sufficient for my ground, and therefore would ———

Brac. Have me produce the reasons which occasion'd
My former speech to you.

Cleob. Tis my ambition.

Brac. Nay since you urge my anger, you shall know
I slight as much your fury as your love :
Nor shall you by entreaties win me to
Prevent the mention'd danger ; He who can
Be so unjust as to misdoubt my truth,
Shall perish in his ignorance, before
A syllable I utter shall deliver
Him from his suddaine ruine.

Cleob. I pray be'nt so resolute,
I shall be diligent unto your speech,
And weigh each word that issues from your tongue,
And study how to shew my selfe your friend.

Brac. My rage is not malicious, like a spark
Of fire by steel inforc'd out of a flint,
It is no sooner kindled, but extinct.
This paper will inform you all.

He gives him a paper.

Cleob. Tis so, my Son has challenged *Lariscus*
Into the field. O Fate !

Brac. Fear not, If you
Have but a forward will to act what I
Shall counsell, doubt not, your affaires shall meet
A fortunate Issue.

Cleob. O how I pray !

Brac.

Brac. Your care.

They whisper.

Cleob. You counsell well, you and my better Fate,
And by this means will cure their bloody hate.

Exeunt.

A C T. 4. S C E N. 4.

Enter Satyre Solus.

Sat. The paine of my late wound hath rob'd my spirits
Of strength and use : the blood that won't to dance
Through the concaves of my veines, now moves
With a dull beating in my quiet pulses,
And I begin to faint. Thou gentle earth
Allow me what sweet comfort rest affords,
And let thy verdant bosome be my bed.

He lyes down.

A C T. 4. S C E N. 5.

Enter Graculus.

Grac. I am a rogue and deserve hanging for betraying my
poor Mistresse : She's tossed and tumbled by this time : Let me
see.

Sat. Oh !

Grac. That's not her voyce, ha ! the Goats ! the Satyrs !
Where's my Mistresse, he has not eaten her I hope.

Sat. Help me I am wounded.

Grac. And if I did think so, I would be more familiar.

Sat. I cannot goe, help I shall bleed to death.

Grac. He's almost kild. First my lecherous friend
Where's my Mistresse ?

Sat. She was rescu'd by a man has almost slaine me.

Grac. Now I have a great minde to kill him outright, howe-
ver I will dominere
Where's your hurt ?

Sat. Here, oh ! thou dost paine me.

Grac. Would you have a Surgeon ; you shall be hang'd
first.

Sat. Sweet friend assist me.

Grac.

Grac. Now I will make amends for all, and carry this Satyre home to our house, where we will whip him twice a day; and after the maides have gelded him, I will hang up in our chimney to dry for bacon. Sirrah you are no rascall, you deserve not to be firk'd and jerk'd and yerk'd: my dogg a mountaine, you are wilde, I'll tame you now I think on't, what if I cut out his eyes and then shew him upon market dayes to the *Aradians* where every man and maide will give money to have a lash at him like a blinde Beare. What doe you think of a wench you pestiferous goat, you must be rutting, and no flesh serve you but my Mistriss, come I'll bring you to them shall coole your liver.

Sat. Gently, oh gently, gentle Shepheard, oh I shall dye.

Grac. Not till we've done, you must have your carnallity, I was pincht and trod on, you dogs face, does your abominable worship remember? and threatn'd on perill of my life to pimpe for your bestiality, well there is no remedy you shall upon my back to the house of correction.

Sat. Deare friend use mercy, I repent.

Grac. Friend and mercy, Yes I will be your friend to help you to a dog whip, and mercy in abundance
I say.

Grac. Oh Mr. Satyre
Gentle Mr. Goat, I did but jest.

As Graculus is taking him up, the Satyre takes him in his armes and carries him away.

Sat. You shall be hang'd in earnest.

Grac. Help, a Rape, Murder, Fellony, Oh! I am undone
I shall be eaten up alive.

Exit.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 6.

Enter Philaritus and Lariscus with speares.

Phil. I love thee yet *Lariscus* for thy boldnesse
To meet an enemy and could wish thy error
To've bin unborn, but cannot bear an injury
So great as to corrival my affection
In beautious *Arismena*.

Lar. Thy own tongue
Betrayes a cause that makes thee worth my killing
Thy guilt of flattering my *Castarina*.

Come fight, and let our courage meet and execute,
Not talke.

Phil. Revenge hath wings, thou needs not call it
Upon thee with more hast.

They fight.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 7.

*Enter Arismena and Castarina
with Bowes and Arrowes.*

Aris. Hold.

Cast. Stay.

Aris. An other duell must be fought, this place
Is ours.

Cast. If *Philaritus* attempt
A wound upon *Lariscus*, here
I'll punish it with *Arismena's* death.

Aris. And if *Lariscus* hurt *Philaritus*
Within the bosome of *Castarina*
I'll hide this killing Arrow : never look
With wonder at us, you kill one another
And send your foolish Ghosts to raile at us :

No, rather let us execute, and save
That cruelty upon our selves, you being
Men that are troublesome to the world and us.

Phil. Oh here, make me happy *Arismena*
My breast will meet thy shaft.

Aris. Stand faire.

Lar. And mine
Shall glory to be pierc'd by *Castarina*.

Cast. Have at you then

Aris. Thus doe I shoot a kisse.

Cast. And thus I aime at thee.

Aris. Pardon my dear *Philaritus* I have
With too much tryall of thy love offended :
If not too late, here I resigne my heart
In satisfaction, and am thine, without
Affection to *Lariscus*, with whom I

*Make us though they
would shoot, but sling
away their Bowes &
imbrace.*

Conspir'd to make thee think we lov'd each other
 Upon thy courtship unto *Castarina*,
 Who told me of your meeting, and contention
 Which now must dye in your embracing us.

Phil. I am extas'd with joy.

Cast. And am I welcome ?

Lar. To my heart.

Cast. If all seconds were so carefull to
 Compound, there would not be so many slaine.

Aris. Here we begin our joyes.

Phil. May they last ever.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 8.

*Enter Satyrs. Some seize upon the weapons, and others
 carry away Arismena and Castarina.*

Aris. Help !

Cast. Helpe !

Phil. Villains ! Devils !

Sat. You come upon your death.

Exeunt Satyrs.

Lar. They have our spears.

Phil. That I could look 'em dead, the slaves out fly
 The winde, they 're gone, they 're lost for ever,
 Our heaven but now discover'd, we are thrown
 To hell, and suffer torment above all
 The wretched souls endured.

Lar. There 's no persuing now,
 Let us collect and muster strength to be
 Reveng'd upon their goatish generation.

Phil. Gods must persue the Ravishers, for mankind
 Wants force ; where shall I hide my cursed head ?

Lar. You sha'not grieve, nor curse alone while I
 Am partner in so great a miserie.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 9.

Enter foure Satyrs.

I Sat. See those commands that I impos'd be strictly
Kept, and least so much as but a noyse of their
Complaint be heard, be sure you binde, and gagge
Them both; why stay you thus? be quick, and not
Lesse mercifull then poysoned Arrows from
A Tartars bow.

Omnes. We suddenly obey. *Exeunt.*

I Sat Its fit. Now will I glut my selfe, and in
A full revenge tickle my spleen; O twill be
Brave sport to winde these aged sirs in such
A labyrinth, as their industrious care
Shall more infold them in, then set them free.
But see I talk, not execute; Delay
Brings danger with't, and oft designs betray.

Exit.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 10.

Enter Philaritus and Lariscus.

Phil. Tis strange these woods should be inhabited
With store of *Satyrs*, yet we finde none of
Their horrid Cells. There's no place that has escap't
Our narrow search, though the sulphurious earth
Hath breath'd forth all its ills, and hung its fogs
To dark the Ayre, yet have we venturd through
Their loathsome smells, to finde a *Satyrs* cave,
But they are hid; some intelligencing
Devil has told their sudden Fate, and help'd
Them to some ayerie wings.

Lar. Curse light on them!
Had we bin of the femal sex, they wo'd
Have shew'd themselves.

Phil. Right.

Lar. But now they fly us.

Phil. Yet the lightnesse of

I

Their

Their heels shan't free them from a deadfull Fate :
 We fall like lightning on their heads, and scorne
 To welcome rest, untill our spears have bath'd
 Their steely poynts within their murderous souls.

Lar. I like thy resolution well.

Phil. Who's here ?

Enter Coridon.

Coridon the newes with thee ?

Cor. This will declare my coming.

He gives him a

Phil. I wonder that my Father writes to me. *letter.*

Lar. Read and perhaps thou wilt not wonder:

Philaritus,

*Since thou art charm'd with Arismena's beauty, and
 accounts nothing cordiall but her love ; I cannot choose
 but praise thy constancy, and wish to see thee incircled in
 Arismena's armes ; Her Father hopes as much, who with
 me expects your present coming to my house.*

Your Father

Cleobulus.

Phil. This Phisick comes too late, this kindnesse should
 Have blest your Son before, read, read *Lariscus*
 And tell me if my Fathers love be timely,
 O my accursed Stars, by whose black influence
 My Fate is poyson'd thus, that I could reach you
 To be aveng'd upon your golden heads,
 Which I would pluck from heaven, and bury in
 The earth, never to shine againe.

Lar. Let me perswade in this extreame to go
 And let me wait upon you to your Father,
 He's powerfull and may at his command
 Raife men enough to ran sack all the woods
 And finde the caves where dwell these horrid *Satyrs*
 Whom we will torture for the Rape committed,

As

As they shall wish themselves in Hell to be
Rid of our punishment : we must be active,
And live to be reveng'd, not sigh away
Our spirits thus.

Phil. Thou dost advise me well,
This may assist us to performe our duty
To our abused faire ones, and revenge
Their staine in part, but sure nothing can be
Enough to recompence their cruelty.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

Enter Cleobulus. and Bracheus.

Cleob. IT will rejoyce my Sonne *Philaritus*
To finde such comfort in my Letter, which
Speaks all my anger off, and full consent
That he should Marry beautilous *Arismena*.

Brac. You writ that I was willing too.

Cleob. I did.

Good *Bracheus* now my friend, I did consider
The errors of my passions, and with much
Contention in my selfe at last resolv'd
This way to merit pardon, you by this
Have had a tryall of my Sonnes affection
To your faire daughter.

Brac. Sir you shall command
What is in *Bracheus* power, I had a passion
And old mans anger too, which your good nature
Already hath forgiven.

Cleob. You are perfect
In what we have design'd, to perfect all
Our joyes, and make a faire contentment swell
In every bosome, stormes cannot last alwayes,
The blackest night must have a day succeed it,
And pleasures have enlargement in our heart
When we have suffered paine : I wonder that

My Sonne makes no more hast.

Brac. Here's your servant!

ACT. 5. SCENE. 2.

Enter Coridon.

Cor. Your Sonne my young Mr. is come Sir.

Cleob. Alone : It was misfortune I forgot

Lariscus in my Letter.

Cor. He's come with him.

Cleob. Excellent, then all things may be fortunate,
You'l please to doe what we devis'd already
To entertaine them.

Brac. I'll about it instantly. *Exit.*

Cleob. So, so, a sudden change will much delight
His care oppressed heart ; he's here, my blessing, *Enter Philar:*
And then to you a welcome good *Lariscus.* *and Lariscus.*
Me thinks you weare a sadnesse in your browes,
What sullen clouds disguise your Faces thus?
It is a time of joy *Philaritus,*
You read my Letter, and consent that you
Should marry *Arismena,* and that *Bracheus*
And I are friends. What sorrow ?

ACT. 5. SCENE. 3.

Phil. I prithee

If thou hast strength *Lariscus* tell him what
Sad chance hath rob'd our hearts of all delight
For I shall faint ith' repetition.

Lar. Your comfort comes too late *Cleobulus.*

Cleob. Too late ! why pray ?

Phil. I prithee speak the sad news in his eare,
I dare not hear the sound : what thing is man ?
How like a leafe to's'd by the winde ? he knows
No certaine way. O love thou art concern'd
To bear a part in our revenge, and if
Thou bee'st a God, ayde two oppressed lovers

Against the lustfull Fiends have ravish'd all
Our joyes and wealth away !

Cleob. You fright me Sir,
By *Satyres* snatcht away ? and could you not
Pursue 'em ?

Lar. They had first surpris'd our weapons
With which they kept us back, whil'st two of their
Black crew flew from us with the prey,
Oh had you heard the cry of the wrong'd virgins ! —

Phil. Nay heaven did hear it too
But had no thunder ready, not one shaft
Of vengeance to throw upon the Ravishers.
Justice is dead, or in a sleep, and we
Poore mortalls pray and are not pittied.

Cleob. Do yee know what then became of your two Mistresses ?

Phil. I know faire *Arismena* cannot live
After her bodies staine.

Cleob. There came late to me
A grave learned Gentleman, that has
Great knowledge in the secret art of Magick,
I will intreat his skill in this affaire,
He'll tell us all the event : I'll to him my selfe,
Stay here a while. *Exit.*

Lar. Though I expect there can
Be nothing but more cause of sorrow for us,
Let's hear what he can say, or shew.

Phil. He may
Direct us too, to order our revenge,
But I suspect no Art can tell us where
The poore things are.

A C T. 5. S C E N. 4.

*Enter two servants, one of them
a Magitian.*

I Ser. My Mr: has prevail'd already with the Gentleman :
Who holds it easie to discover all.

Lar. Is this he ?

Phil. You are welcome Sir.

Mag. Alas poore youngmen, their faces
Carry too much of sorrow, but the Fates
Must be obey'd, I am informd of your
Desires, and I request none may be with us
But these two, please you to depart, there is
Some reason in my art Sir for your absence.

I Ser. Most willingly. *Exit.*

Mag. Sit down I pray, but stir not on your lives
Nor speak to what you see ; you must suppose
What ere you see is not substantiall
But ayerie shapes that represent the life
Of those you seek, which to offend may be
Most prejudiciall nay dangerous
Even to your lives ; the charme shall not delay
Your expectation longer : doe you know
The Satyrs when you see 'em once agen.

A C T. 5. S C E N. 5.

*Enter Cleobulus like a Satyre courting Arismena, Bra-
cheus like another Satyr courting Castarina.*

Phil. The same, the very same.

Lar. Be they Devils.

Phil. Wee'l revenge them here.

*Philaritus and Lariscus offer to
run at the Satyrs who pulling
off their Vizards are known to
be Cleobulus and Bracheus.*

Cleob. Do, kill thy Father boy.

Brac.

Brac. Murder thy Unckle.

Phil. Ah ! Are you the cruel Satyrs ? *The supposed servants*

Cleob. Yes and have we hope *in the interim steale*

Made you amends : They were our men *away Arismena and*

Which we both shapt, and fitted for that purpose. *Castarina.*

Lar. You frighted us.

Cleob. It is confest, but now

Wee'l crosse your hopes no more, but give you those

Yee terme your greatest happinesse : May heaven

Make their wombs fruitfull with as blessed issue

As ere gave Parents hopes.

Phil. These wishes Sir

Adds to my great content, and were

But *Arismena* here, there were not in

The world that which could make *Philartus*

Accurst.

Brac. It is my wonder that she staves

Thus long.

Crying within.

Lar. What noyse is that ?

Phil. Some's strangled fure.

Cleob. Hear tis plainer now.

They cry within.

Brac. Let's in I pray.

Phil. All's well I hope.

Exeunt in hast, and enter againe.

Cleob. We hear a noyse but can

Not tell where tis.

within Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Phil. Harke !

Cleob. Its here abouts.

Cleobulus drawes the curtain and

Lar. Oh horreur !

findes Coridon and Rurius in a

Phil. Unbinde the men.

payre of stocks their hands tied and

Brac. I am affraid.

their mouths gaggd.

Cleob. What sport's this ?

Cor. No sport, the Satyrs —

Phil. What of them ?

Cor. Having intelligence (I know not by what means) of
your disguising of your selves into their shapes, have surprised the
house, and ere we were aware bound and gaggd us as ye see ; so
instead of us brought in *Arismena* and *Castarina*, who since have
carried

carried them away leaving us in this lamentable case:

Cleob. Plagues pursue them.

Brac. Horror attend them.

Lar. Furies !

Rise in my braine and help me to revenge.

Phil. Fix me for ever here, oh you that send
The active lightning from your throne, or trust
Me with your thunder once ——— Dare you not ?

Or have I more consuming flames within ?

Yes my breath may blast them all — stand off

Furies swell up my breast, and in this rage

I could unmake the world, and turne it back

Into its first unpolished heape, and shall

Performe some worthy deed worthy *Philarithus*.

Cleob. This doth distract my Sonne.

Brac. Wee'l counsell him

Till we have set him right.

Lar. I'm lost in griefe

And smalls the hope I have to finde releife.

*Runs up
and down.*

Exit.

Exeunt.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 6.

Enter Arismena and Castarina.

Arif. Here may we rest and ease

Our tired limbs, whilest some refreshing gale

Courts our sad feares into a sweet repose,

Sit downe.

Cast. I'll doe what you command, yet I

Am fearfull here's more danger then we see.

Arif. Your too too nice Fates guide ! to Fates yeild wee,

For pensive cares can't alter their Decree.

*Arismena and Castarina retire and
fall a sleep in an Arbor on the Stage.*

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 7.

Enter I Satyre Solus.

Sat. This was her wonted place, on these green banks
 She sate her down, when first I heard her play
 Unto her lisning sheep; nor can she be
 Far from the spring she's left behinde. That Rose
 I saw not yesterday, nor did that Pinke
 Then court my eye; She must be here, or else
 That gracefull Marigold wo'd shure have clos'd
 Its beauty in her withered leaves, and that
 Violet too wo'd hang its velvet head
 To mourn the absence of her eyes: And see *The Satyr spies*
 Where she doth lie, purging the moystn'd ayre *them asleepe.*
 With her more gentle breath: Methinks she chides
 Me in her sleep, and frights my blood to palenesse
 As I stand: But come, I am resolv'd
 Nor can I longer now forbear to force
Arismena to come with me, whilst I *Satyre takes up Aris-*
 Leave *Castarina* to her Destiny. *mena and Exit.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 8.

Enter Bonus Genius of Castarina
as she sleeps.

Bon. Gen. Sleep *Castarina* whilst thy sence
 Doth loose its use, from fancy take
 Instructions of that Excellence,
 They'l keep thee safe when th'art awake.
 Nice honour is so rich a thing
 That to preserve it rather dye
 Or kill the Ravisher would sling
 Such stains upon thy Modesty.
 Tis faire and just revenge for they
 Whose bosomes lodge such foul intents
 Tis fit should dye and dayly pay
 Their debt to th' sin in punishment. *Exit.*

Castarina awakes.

Cast. Stay gentle Spirit, and with those sweet sounds
 Strike on my waking fence, that I may be
 Confirm'd tis no illusion : I'll obey
 The counsell of my Genius ; sure twas it
 That guards me : Would it would appear agen
 And teach thee *Arismena* ——— ha ! She's gone ;
 And whither ? how ! my ignorance ! and wonder !
 A whirlwinde in its giddy motion carries
 Light matters not more swiftly, then shee's vanisht,
 Hath danger frighted her ? or is she forc't
 By some rude Satyre ? Thou that didst instruct
 My soule so lately, guide me to the knowledge
 Of her much doubted Fate, or shew the way
 She's fled, that I may follow. *Arismena* !
 Let me oretake thee ; a ravenous Beare,
 Or Wolfe hath seiz'd thee, I would share thy harmes
 And both die foulded in each others armes.

Exit.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

Enter Satyre with Arismena.

Sat. Come faire one, cast off your trembling fear,
 No violence shall force your Love, I'll rather choose
 To pierce this breast, then let one accent fall
 That may offend your care.

Arif. You doe offend
 In speaking thus.

Sat. I should displease you more
 To snatch my pleasures from your breast.

Arif. You wo'd
 Indeed, and doe already fright my blood
 To palenesse in my cheeks.

Sat. Oh say not thus, I doe
 Confesse I have not in the stock of my
 Deserts enough to force one bounteous smile
 For to create me new ; but let not that

Cause

Cause you to frown, or with one angry look
Turne me to ashes as I stand.

Arif. Still you
Doe gild the Pill, you'd have me take, but I
Assure you Sir my heart is none of mine,
Though the bright Marriage God has yet forborne
To light his Tapers. We breath both from one soule.

Sat. Come, come, you doe but jest to egg me more
By your delays.

Arif. You'l finde I speak the truth,
And covet more to die a Martyr for
This cause, then live to be an Empresse.

Sat. Are you so resolute? so stout, go in,
Visit the rooms I led you through, look on
Those flings you are to feel unlesse you doe
Consent, and then consider that if they
Inforce you not, you shall be quickly sent
To those blest fields you vainly hope to view.

Arif. That death is welcome which shall render me
A chaste example unto posterity. *Exit. Arif.*

Sat. These Arcadian Nymphs are patternes to the world
Of chastity; had my breath bin spent on
Ladies of the Western court, they would have prov'd
More gentle then to let one thus long sue
Without a close imbrace, whilst these fly from
The name, fearing the sound might get
An Act of lust.

Enter Castarina.

Here comes another too
Whose brighter soule shall not by me be forc't.
Faire Maide?

ACT. 5. SCENE. 10.

Cast. Blesse me ye Powers!

Sat. From what?

Cast. From you and all your curst
Associates.

Sat. Why faire one ? I carry
Nothing to afright you but this shape.

Cast. In that
Lurks all thats bad.

Sat. Judge not thus ill, th' respect
I'll shew to you shall merit better thoughts.

Cast. You shew respect, heavens defend ! can I
Believe there is civility amongst Wolves,
Or that a Lyon can be brought to couch
Before his prey. Stand off, or you shall feel I dare *Snatches a po-*
Be more then woman, fluce your blood, and laugh *niard from the*
To see your soule expire. *Satyrs side, &*

Sat. Stay gentle Nymph *wounds him.*
This little blood has checkt my daring soule.

Cast. But dost thou bleed ? oh stop the murmuring stream
Least my Feeble nature sink at the sight *She drops the poniard*
Of blood. *and the Satyr takes it up.*

Sat. Art thou so quickly chang'd, is that
Great spirit which thou proudly boasts turn'd to
Effeminacy ? Come kisse me, or I'll
Draw so much of thy own, 'twill fright thee more
To view it streaming from thy veins.

Cast. Keep off
For I dare suffer ———

Sat. A kinde salute.

Cast. No,
Death and meet it through more tortures then ere
Tyrants could invent.

Sat. I'll try your valour,
And get you yonder till I've fram'd a death
More horrid then ere fancy thought on yet.

Cast. Let fall your stings, they shall be welcom'd too ;
I'll kisse the hand which shall dismisse a maide
And praise thy act in the Elizean shade. *Exit.*

Sat. Nothing can alter her, but as the Stars
Keeps still her constant course ; yet something I
Will doe ——— I, it shall so, and if
This failes I'll try some other plot.

Hollow within, and then enter a Satyre.

The newes ?

2 Sat. The Shepheards are insnared.

1 Sat. O bring them in.

Exit. 2 Sat.

They're timely tane, for now my plot may finde

A good successe, or as I am, I may

Either revenge or lengthen out my day. *Exit.*

ACT. 5. SCENE. II.

Enter four Satyrs with favelins bringing in Cleobulus, Bracheus, Philaritus, and Lariscus bound.

Cleob. Brac. Phil. Lar. Unbinde us slaves.

2 Sat. I, doe, pull your armes to peices, twill be a torture we forgot to invent.

Phil. That I could kill my selfe.

Lar. Or any thing rather then die by their ignoble hands.

Brac. Patience is our onely remedy.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 12.

Enter the Grand Satyre.

3 Sat. Here comes one will tame you Sir.

G. Sa. I am resolv'd nor though I can will greive. *speaks as to*

4 Sat. The spies are brought, *some within.*

G. Sat. You have done well : Now see that one of you

Muste enough to guard these woods, whilst we

Afflict our punishments on these.

Sat. I goe. *Exit.*

G. Sat. Come hither you that are the Master of

These woods, and think it nothing to destroy

Whole troops of Satyres What wo'd you bestow

On us to set you free ? wo'd you give up

Your Virgins to our use, and let us take

The beauties of your Land ?

Omnes. Destruction first.

Sat. Nay you should enjoy them too, onely we ———

Phil. Wo'd crack their Maidenheads ———

Lar.

Lar. And we sho'd then ———

Phil. Be married to them.

Sat. Right.

Brac. And leave our Lands to those
You get.

Sat. Yes.

Omnes. A halter first.

Sat. Say so ! Tear limbs.

From off the trees give them a welcome.

*The meaner Satyres play on the Hooboyes drest as
though they were boughs, but in a distracted way.*

Phil. Strange Musique !

Lar. The screech-Owles Dirge ere death.

*Having plaid thus distractedly
they play some acurate lesson.*

Brac. Their notes are chang'd.

Cleob. And now they sound as when the dying Swan
Fills the Ecchoing woods with harmony.

Phil. What shall become of poor *Philaritus* ?

Cleob. Wee'l dye incircled in each others armes.

Sat. Fetch in the youths and let them sing the Songs
They have prepared.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 13.

*Exeunt Satyrs, entring againe tending on Arismena and
Castarina drest in some disguisd shapes.*

Lar. What now ?

Phil. Our sentence.

The Song.

*Sigh Shepheards sigh
Spend all your breath in groans
Lay your sweeter Musick by
Hearken onely to the Drones.
Henceforth no other Garlands view
But what are made of dismall yewe,
Tis fit all nature now should mourne
And every tree to Cypresse turne.*

Those

Those Nimphs are gone
 Whose looks in awe did keepe
 The Wolfe and Fox who alone
 More then Pales blest our sheepe,
 Their sweetest grasse the Lambs did finde
 Where their bright eyes not Phœbus shin'd,
 In every place where they did come
 They made a new Elizium.

Wretched Swaines ye now can have
 No Paradiſe but in the Grave,
 Chorus. Die, then die, ſince they are fled
 The onely life is to be dead.

The Song being done Ex:
Ariſmena & Caſtarina

Gr. Sat. Unbinde the men.

Omnes. What then?

Gr. Sat. I aſke your pardons Sirs, and wo'd
 Be glad to know what can deſerve your ſmiles.

Phil. Jeſt not foule foule, it is a death to live
 The object of your view, we can as bravely
 Suffer, as you torment, and were thoſe here
 Which you have raviſht from their loves, we wo'd
 But ſhed ſome funerall tears upon their hearſe
 And gladly meet our deaths.

Sat. They're dead indeed,
 And ſince you know their fates, you ſhall be brought
 Unto their Tombes: Ple drop as many tears as you
 To ſhew my penitence, although it be
 A thing averſe for me to weep, yet when
 I think what goodneſſe I've deſtroyd, I muſt
 Accuſe my luſt, and then lament your loſſe.

Phil. Accurſed ſlaves.

Sat. Nay dry your tears, for if
 There be ſuch groves and joyfull fields as you
 Call fortunate, your Nimphs are ſporting in
 Their ſhades, triumphing ore our cruelty.

Lar.

Lar. They died unspotted then.

Sat. They did, and breathd
Out foules as pure as ayre before it mixt
With Earth.

Phil. Blest virgins ! Lead forward to their Tombes,
I long to pay a funerall tear, and weep
Till I'm become the onely Niobe.

A C T. 5. S C E N. 14.

*Enter Satyres with Arismena and Castarina
in Coffins.*

Sat. They are inclos'd in these, in them is hid
More riches then the world has left, but I
Sin in their praise, my tears shall expiate
My crimes.

Weepes.

Phil. Which is my *Arismena's* Tombe.

Sat. This.

Phil. I will bedew this chest, whilst you *Lariscus*
Weep your griefes ore that.

Lar. Oh *Castarina* !

Send from the Elizean fields thy ghost to call
Mee hence, let not my ayrie soule be pend
Within this lumpe of clay, and I be absent
From that rich place, thy purer parts doe blesse.

Phil. My eyes grow dry, this brest has so much grieve I cannot
vent my tears.

Cleob. I can supply what you doe lack, methinks I could im-
balme both corpes in mine, or else
Create a Sea with Rivers from my eyes.

Brac. My sorrowes flow
So fast I want expressions for my griefes.

Sat. Rise from the earth, your tears can't raise them from
Their silent Urnes.

Brac. But yet they may perchance
Hasten my Journeys sooner then I dream't.

Arif.

Aris. Ca. Rather then so we'l rise and live againe. *They open the Coffins and rise from them.*
Omnes. Alive !

Sat. Yes, and have I hope made you amends
 For all the injuries I've done. 'Tis true
 I oft have thought to woe *Arismena*
 To consent to marry me, but I found
 Her ever constant to *Philaritus*,
 Besides this shape has frighted her, which thus
 I now cast off. *Discovers himselfe.*

Omnes. *Paromet.*

Cleob. Your father *Castarina*.

Cast. I know it Sir, and was acquainted with
 The plot, but had not leave to crown you sooner
 With the happy newes, or else I should ere this
 Have blest you from your fears :
 And beg a pardon for the wounds I gave you. *speaks to her father.*

Cleob. You are call'd home, and every one rejoyceth
 Your doom's reverst.

Sat. I've practiz'd all that's done
 With this intent, that if I could procure
Arismena as my Love, I hop'd I sho'd
 The easier intreat you to sue for my
 Returne, which I doe finde you have obteyn'd
 And doth exact my service ever and bindes
 Me to entreat your pardon *Arismena*.

Aris. I can forgive, and had you wrong'd me more
 You have made a large and faire requitall, in
 Giving me up chaste unto *Philaritus*.

Phil. Doe we not dream ?

Aris. Most certainly we are
 Awake, and now made happy.

Cast. At last
 Our hearts meete.

Lar. Never to be disjoyn'd.

Sat. And once againe take *Castarina* from Her Fathers hands.

Lar. Welcome again dear heart
 To my own bosome.
 And now the truth of the dark Oracle

Is clearly illustrated, Thou wast dead,
 Dead to my hopes ; and now I doe enjoy thee
 After thy restitution to new life
 Whence thy *Lariscus* doth derive his own,
 Thy faithfull true *Lariscus*.

Cast. I beleive it
 Though you suspected me.

Lar. Allow that errour.
 A reconciliation and free pardon.
 Henceforth I will be guarded with such care
 A jealousie shall not assault one thought
 Without repulse.

Graculus cries within.

Cleob. What noyse is that ?

Brac. No more plots I hope.

Sat. No, no,
 'Tis *Graculus* whom I have caus'd to be
 Kept close.

Brac. O prithee free him all are friends.

Enter Graculus.

Sat. Hee's here and I'll obscure my selfe.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 15.

Grac. Oh the horrid place, and tortures I have both seen and
 felt, are you their Master ? Doth any of you desire to see Hell
 before you go thither.

Cleob. The fellow's mad and thinks there's no other place but
 that.

Grac. If you doe ? come but with me and I will shew a
 place — such a place as goes beyond the fire spitting Moun-
 taine and has worse tortures in't by halfe then the gnawing Vul-
 ture, Ixions wheel, or whatsoever else the lying Poets doe ima-
 gine. O Master ! had you but some little grudgings of what I
 have indur'd you wo'd — I, that you wo'd run mad, wilde,
 nay — almost try the certainty of eternity, rather then have
 your bones thus unjoynted in your skin.

Brac. Ah, Ah, Ah, you're rightly serv'd for betraying your
 Mistresse.

Grac.

Grac. The Devil ! how came you to the knowlege of that ?

Sat. Why I told 'em.

Grac. Oh free me from a Furie, a Devil. *Offers to run away.*

Sat. Neither you see. *Discovers himselfe.*

Grac. Exil'd *Paromet*, had I known this I wo'd —

Sat. What ?

Grac. Why —

Sat. Nay out with't.

Grac. Have told *Castarina* to've bin freed by my discovery.

Sat. Oh !

Brac. Well firrah go and be glad you have scapt thus.

Grac. And so I will, for I well deserve to 'ave lost an Arme, or something else that's dearer to me, for betraying a Virgin. Oh my bones. *Exit.*

Cleob. The night begins to walt, come therefore on
I long till Mariage Rites have made these Lovers one.

Sat. Lead on, and may the Gods come short of those
Delights these happy paires may finde.

Phil. To all

My thanks : come my dearest *Arismena*

After so many conflicts with my Fate

I meet in thee my happinesse, our Loves

Shall be more glorious for the Ecclipse.

Thus Memphian Balmes that are of richest worth

Once bruise'd do send most precious Odours forth.

Exeunt.

Epilogue, spoken by the Grand Satyre.

Ladies and gentle youths be pleas'd to spare
 One eye to view this Goblin thatcht with haire,
 And then (what ever Language he hath slung
 From the wilde furie of a Satyres tongue)
 He does presume your softer Sex will scan
 Some walking Cottage wrong'd you, not a man
 He does confesse his language never knew
 That smooth humanity which lives in you;
 Nor dares he think he can reforme this Sin,
 Till some new Mart of manners doe come in
 Besides he thought this rough behaviour due
 To femall Faries, 'twas not meant to You.
 His fancy dream'd of Elves, but now does fear
 The Sexes glory has bin injur'd here.
 For when he sees a Constellation rise
 Shot from the glorious light of severall eyes
 That gild the Orbe, he knowes these are not Bowers
 For Silvian dames, but some diviner powers.
 And what the Revels of the woods grant free
 This chaster Scene hath rais'd to blasphemie.
 Well since the crime is Acted, here he stands
 The doome of female weapons, nayles and hands.
 And since his language hath prophan'd thus long,
 Faith Ladies clap him soundly for this wrong.

Exit.

An exact and perfect Catalogue of all *Playes*
that are Printed.

A



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FINIS.



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